THE HISTORY OF MRS. DRAYTON AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for F. NOBLE, at his Circulating Library, near Middle-Row, Holborn;
AND
J. NOBLE, at his Circulating Library, in St. Martin's Court, near Leiceſter Square.

MDCCLXVII.

29253

B L

30-5-75

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK III.

CHAP. XI.

In which Harry communicates ſome intelligence, which makes Lord George not quite ſo high-ſpirited as he was during the ride. Page 1

CHAP. XII.

Diſpatches from Freak-Park, not very agreeable to the Drayton Family at C——. 6

CHAP. XIII.

In which a noble perſonage meets with a reception not at all according to his expectation, nor agreeable to his taſte. 17

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A young Lady exhibited in an intereſting ſituation. 29

CHAP. II.

The exhibition, begun in the foregoing chapter, continued. 35

CHAP. III.

By which it appears that Clara was a better phyſiognomiſt than her mother. 40

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Burnaby, when he arrives at his apartments in town, finds——what he did not expect. 43

CHAP. V.

A chapter of expectation and anxiety. 50

CHAP. VI.

A chapter of ſuſpence, diſappointment and diſtraction. 57

CHAP. VII.

Mrs. Drayton's viſit to Mr. Burnaby. 67

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Drayton returns to her daughter. 71

CHAP. IX.

The arrival of an unexpected Lady, occaſions no ſmall ſurpriſe, and gives a new turn to the converſation. 78

CHAP. X.

Some account of Colonel Freeman's movements after he departed from Freak-Park. 87

CHAP. XI.

Sir Joſeph Freeman's character more minutely deſcribed. 93

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XII.

A converſation between Sir Joſeph Freeman and the Colonel, in which the former diſcovers opinions not in the leaſt palatable to the latter. 96

CHAP. XIII.

The Colonel receives diſpatches from different quarters, which give him at once very pleaſing and very painful ſenſations. 104

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

The different behaviour of two ſiſters, under the influence of the ſame paſſion. 113

CHAP. II.

Mrs. Drayton carries Clara to viſit her lover. 118

CHAP. III.

Converſation continued.—Viſit concluded. 128

CHAP. IV.

Shewing what paſſed at Mrs. Drayton's houſe at C——, during her viſit, with Clara, to Mr. Burnaby. 132

CHAP. V.

An affectionate ſcene, of a different kind from that in the foregoing chapter, occaſioned by the letter which the Colonel received from London. 144

CHAP. VI.

A Road-adventure. 150

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Drayton appears to great advantage, in the character of a mother. 157

CHAP. VIII.

An evening at Ranelagh. 164

CHAP. IX.

A converſation between the Captain and his couſin, occaſioned by the above evening at Ranelagh. 180

CHAP. X.

Containing ſomething relating to Clara's affairs—and other matters. 190

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

The Widow bewildered. 199

CHAP. II.

A converſation between Mrs. Allen, and Miſs Bell Drayton, from which the former receives a great deal of ſatisfaction. 213

CHAP. III.

A ſketch of the inſide of a faſhionable tavern. 220

CHAP. IV.

Two country-gentlemen contraſted. 226

CHAP. V.

Which ſhews what it was that occaſioned the ſudden intimacy between Sir Joſeph Freeman and Mr. Young. 230

THE

HISTORY

OF

MRS. DRAYTON

AND HER

TWO DAUGHTERS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. XI.

In which Harry communicates ſome intelligence, which makes Lord George not quite ſo high-ſpirited as he was, during his ride.

WHILE your Lordſhip, ſaid Harry, was amuſing yourſelf within doors, I was not idle without.—I picked up a good deal of news about the Draytons, by converſing

with the gentleman's ſervant, who arrived ſoon after your Lordſhip; but I did not think it prudent to publiſh it upon the road, and I am afraid it will not be very welcome now.

I commend you for your diligence and caution, Harry, ſaid my Lord, but cannot conceive, why you, with ſo grave a face, are afraid that I ſhall not be pleaſed with your intelligence.

" The gentleman whom you left behind, my Lord, ſaid Harry, is a rival; Miſs Drayton and he, have been for ſome time engaged to each other, and Mr. Burnaby's Thomas tells me, that his maſter is to marry her very ſoon."

" Burn all the Burnaby's, replied my Lord.—No, no, Harry, I am not afraid of my rival—Neither mother Drayton nor her daughter treated him as if they had any thought of an alliance with him.

—I

—I ſaw a particular coolneſs in their behaviour to him, which certainly would not have appeared if a wedding was near."

" Well, my Lord, ſaid Harry, you may flatter yourſelf if you pleaſe with the hopes of ſucceeding in your deſigns upon Miſs Drayton; but I believe your Lordſhip will be miſtaken in her, as you was in her ſiſter. Take my word for it, my Lord, there is nothing to be done in that family without matrimony; they are all confoundedly virtuous, or elſe they might make a better figure in the world, and matrimony is, I apprehend, no part of your Lordſhip's plan."

" I don't reliſh it, I own ſaid my Lord, but this girl runs in my head ſo much, that I don't know whether I may not be drawn in to commit a very fooliſh action, to triumph over that virtue, which you think ſhe won't part with, unleſs a parſon

has a hand in the diſpoſal of it.—She is a charming girl, Harry, 'tis a thouſand pities that ſhe ſhould be buried alive with her virtue.—However, this news of yours won't throw me quite out, though it has diſconcerted me a little, I confeſs, becauſe I thought I was in a fair way of being upon an agreeable footing in the family. —'Tis a ſtrange thing that I am ſo bewitched about this pretty creature, but ſo it is, and I muſt make another attempt to ſee how the land lies.—But who is this Burnaby?"

"He is a gentleman of fortune, ſaid Harry, he has a very good eſtate in —— ſhire. His father had a conſiderable poſt in one of the Leeward Iſlands, and left him in plentiful circumſtances."

"Ho, ho, ſaid my Lord, is my rival the ſon of that Burnaby? I knew the old fellow very well, I have had the honour to lodge in a round-houſe, through his

d——d

d——d activity as a juſtice; yes, yes, I remember the lodgings I had at ——. I was a younker then, but I alſo remember that this ſon of his expreſſed no ſmall delight in ſeeing me pounded.—He is ſo much altered ſince thoſe days, that I did not recollect him, and by his manner, I fancy he did not know with whom he converſed this morning at Mrs. Drayton's, for he only Sir'd me all the time. This laſt piece of news gives me a great deal of pleaſure; if I am not well received when I go again in a few days (for if I repeat my viſit very ſoon, both mother and daughter will think me deſperately in love, and make the moſt of their conſequence) I will play off a frolick againſt the whole family, lover and all, and ſtir up a glorious commotion among them. Theſe are my preſent reſolutions, Harry. Do you, while I think farther on theſe affairs, make yourſelf maſter of Burnaby's place of abode in town, temper, and connections, that I may be the bet-

ter able to carry my deſigns into execution.—Send Louis to dreſs me, and be ſure to make the beſt uſe of your time, while I am at Ranelagh in the evening.

CHAP. XII.

Diſpatches from Freak-Park, not very agreeable to the Drayton-family at C——.

CLARA, after the departure of Burnaby, at her mother's earneſt deſire, ſat down to write to Bell, to acquaint her with what had paſſed about her, and to beg an explanation of her conduct with regard to Lord George and Colonel Freeman, who both had given broad hints that ſhe had encouraged their addreſſes.—On the Friday afternoon, while Mrs. Drayton and Clara were taking their tea, and chatting on the buſineſs which the following day was expected to produce (wedding-days, though days of pleaſure, are

are generally buſy ones) the following letter arrived from Freak-Park.

Dear Clara,

I Sit down to anſwer your kind letter directly, becauſe I am very deſirous that you and my dear mother ſhould be convinced, that my conduct with regard to Lord George, and Colonel Freeman, has not been cenſurable.—If my Lord has given you both reaſon to believe that I encouraged his addreſſes, he has greatly wronged me.—If they had been honourable, they would have been very flattering, but as they were not ſo, I rejected them with the utmoſt contempt.—At my firſt coming down here, his Lordſhip ſeemed to be uncommonly pleaſed with a ſomething he ſaw in me (there is no pretending to account for a man's inclinations) and was particular in his behaviour to me.—I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that I was vain enough to expect agreeable conſequences from it, and that I ſtudied

to ſet myſelf off to advantage, whenever I was in his company.—I was not long ſo pleaſingly employed; I ſoon found that his views were diſhonourable, and from that moment avoided him as much as I could.—He was extremely impertinent, upon the alteration he found in my carriage, and took an infinite deal of pains to be troubleſome.—I need not ſay, after this, that I was truly rejoiced when he departed from hence.

As for Colonel Freeman—I am ſorry I was obliged to alter my behaviour to him, becauſe I think he is a moſt agreeable man, and becauſe his behaviour to me, has never given me room to ſuſpect the goodneſs of his intentions.—He did not arrive till Lord George went away.—I encouraged his addreſſes with pleaſure, till I heard a ſtory about him, which obliged me not to liſten to them. Lady Freak told me a few day ago, that the Colonel has a wife in America, whom he

is

is aſhamed to own, and that he endeavours, as much as lies in his power, to prevent his marriage from being public.—How Lady Freak came by her intelligence, I know not, but wiſh it may be falſe.—Till this affair is cleared up, however, I muſt give him no encouragement. Perhaps ſome malicious perſon has invented this ſtory out of ſpight; and, to tell you the truth, I am not a little inclined to believe, that Lady Freak herſelf framed it, on purpoſe to hinder me from being agreeably connected with a man who is not ſo aſſiduous about her Ladyſhip as ſhe wiſhes him to be.—In ſhort, my dear Clara, Lady Freak, either from envy, pride, or ſome other horrible paſſion, treats me ſo very cavalierly, and behaves in a manner ſo politely mortifying, that I long to be at C—— again. I ſhall think of you on Saturday with particular pleaſure, and ſincerely wiſh you all imaginable felicity.—I am, my

dear Clara, with my dutiful reſpects to my amiable mother,

Your truly affectionate ſiſter,

ARABELLA DRAYTON.

The peruſal of this letter, ſufficiently opened Mrs. Drayton's eyes with regard to Lord George's real character, and ſhe was convinced, by the duplicity of his behaviour, which ſhe did not till then recollect, that his deſigns upon Clara, were juſt as honourable, as thoſe which he had formed againſt her ſiſter.—She conceived the higheſt contempt for his Lordſhip, but prudently ſuſpended her judgment concerning the Colonel's marriage, not having, from her daughter's letter, a very high opinion of Lady Freak's veracity.

" I told you, Madam, ſaid Clara to her mother, that Lord George's behaviour

viour to me, was too particular for a man who was making proper addreſſes to my ſiſter."

"You did ſo, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, and I now remember ſeveral things his Lordſhip threw out, which confirm all your conjectures.—You out-do me indeed, Clara, in penetration.—I have been ſo much deceived in this affair, that I ſhall be cautious in my deciſions on the characters of men from their external behaviour.—I have been miſtaken enough in outſides—but there is nothing like experience, to cure us of our ſelf-ſufficiency, in pretending to diſcover the ſprings of actions in others."

"I am ſorry, Madam, ſaid Clara, that my conjectures are ſo diſagreeably confirmed, but am glad at the ſame time, that they are confirmed, becauſe you injured me a little in ſuppoſing, that they aroſe more from vanity, and perhaps,

envy, than diſcernment.—Your own conviction now is a compliment to my character-knowledge, and I hope you will not hold my opinions ſo cheap for the future."

"No, my dear Clara, replied Mrs. Drayton; I have done with my own opinions, and—

Here they were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Burnaby, who came to finiſh the eve of his wedding-day with them.—They were really glad to ſee him, and intended to expreſs ſatisfaction in their looks, but the contents of Bell's letter, and the reflection occaſioned by it, had given a ſerioufneſs to their faces, which, to his eyes, conveyed no ſigns of joy at his preſence.—He was indeed grave himſelf, unuſually thoughtful, and his looks would have made them ſerious, if they had not been previouſly ſo.

Burnaby,

Burnaby, after the firſt ſalutations were over, begged to know what had happened, during his abſence, to make them both ſo penſive, ſo very ſerious.—He ſaw a Letter in Clara's hand, and a tear ready to ſtart into her eye.—Clara was of a tender diſpoſition, and felt for her friends, more, perhaps, very often, than they did for themſelves.—He gently ſeized the hand which held the letter, and it dropped upon the floor.

"It is that letter, ſaid Clara, which makes my mother and me look ſo melancholy.—You may read it—you will be ſurprized."

Burnaby took it up haſtily, and made a quick progreſs through it.—At the concluſion of it he ſtarted from his chair, and to their amazement, though they had often ſeen him do ſo, when any thing particularly moved him, ſaid, "This is a lucky letter indeed!"

"Lucky!

" Lucky! Mr. Burnaby, ſaid Mrs. Drayton; can poor Bell's embarraſſed ſituation be called lucky?"

" The luckeſt letter in the world, Madam, that's all," replied Burnaby, with a peculiar ſprightlineſs of accent.—Clara looked at him full, as if ſhe wondered at his airy behaviour.—" Ay Miſs Drayton, continued he, you may look at me, and through me, if you pleaſe, but I perſiſt in ſaying that this is a lucky letter; a very lucky letter.—I ſee you are both in a ſtrange way about it, and will therefore keep you no longer in ſuſpence.—I have a letter alſo from Freak-Park, from Colonel Freeman, who opens his heart to me as a a friend, and tells me all his grievances.—In a former one, he acquainted me, that Miſs Drayton's behaviour to him, encouraged him to proceed in his addreſſes to her, but in this he complains, that ſomething has happened

to

to occaſion a total change in her carriage to him, and that ſhe avoids him with the utmoſt averſion.—I am very uneaſy ſays he, upon this occaſion, becauſe I think her a moſt amiable girl, and find her neceſſary to my happineſs.—Don't laugh at my diſtreſs, dear Burnaby, but pity it.—In this conciſe, pathetic manner ends the Colonel's letter."

"And pray, Sir, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, how will this letter of the Colonel's make my daughter's a lucky one?"

"Have but a moment's patience, good Madam, ſaid Burnaby, and I will explain myſelf.—Miſs Bell's embarraſſment, ariſes from the intelligence which ſhe received from Lady Freak.—Now, I ſay, confound her Ladyſhip for communicating ſo notorious a falſhood.—No, no, Madam, the Colonel is a ſingle man, I aſſure you, and your daughter very rationally ſuſpects Lady Freak herſelf to be

be the inventreſs of her news.—Is it not therefore lucky, that Miſs Bell, by unfolding the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, has put it into my power to remove it? The Colonel is my friend, I have a very great regard for him, and will ſend down an expreſs to him immediately, to clear up all his doubts, and obviate the difficulties which obſtruct his happineſs.—If you, Miſs Drayton, will ſcratch a few lines to your ſiſter, to let her know, that ſhe may very ſafely lend a favourable ear to the Colonel's *doucœurs*, I will incloſe them in my packet.—To bring two worthy people together, who deſerve to be united, is a pleaſing employment, and I think myſelf remarkably fortunate in coming ſo *a-pro-pos* this afternoon."

Clara, delighted with her lover for diſcovering ſo much goodneſs of heart, ſat down to write in a back-room, that ſhe might not be interrupted by company.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

In which a noble perſonage meets with a reception at Mrs. Drayton's, not at all according to his expectation, nor agreeable to his taſte.

WHILE Clara was writing her letter, Burnaby and Mrs. Drayton ſat down to picquet. In the middle of their firſt game, Lord George appeared at the door, very gayly dreſſed, in his chariot.—Mrs. Drayton's blood roſe in her cheeks, and ſhe was going to be denied.—"O ſee his Lordſhip, by all means, Madam, ſaid Burnaby, he ſhall do no miſchief while I am here.—He ſeems to be in high ſpirits, but I believe this viſit will effectually prevent him from being impertinent again here."—Before Mrs. Drayton could make any anſwer, my Lord entered the room, ſliding careleſsly with the true faſhionable air, and looked

looked as if he thought he ſhould be extremely well received.—The gravity of Mrs. Drayton's countenance, did not in the leaſt diſconcert him, nor was he more embarraſſed by the glumneſs with which Burnaby regarded him.—He was too well bred to be ceremonious, and dropped into the firſt chair he ſaw.—" My dear Mrs. Drayton, I am infinitely rejoiced to ſee you again.—I hope Miſs Drayton is in perfect health—You have a jewel of a daughter, I aſſure you, Madam, and ſuch a jewel is too valuable to be kept in a corner.—My dear Mr. Burnaby, I am your's —I don't know whether you remember me, but—"

Burnaby, almoſt ready to burſt with indignation, could not hear his Lordſhip with any patience.—" Yes, yes, my Lord I remember you, but your Lordſhip is the laſt man in the world with whom I deſire to be acquainted.—I wonder your Lordſhip has the effrontery to

to appear in this houſe unembarraſſed, after—"

"After what, my dear Sir? ſaid my Lord, looking ſurprized at him; by all that's whimſical I proteſt I am quite at a loſs to develop your meaning.—A man of your ſenſe, to be ſure, never ſpeaks at random, but let me periſh if I have the leaſt glimmering of a gueſs at the drift of your diſcourſe.—I have the misfortune, my dear Sir, to be a little thick about the head, and therefore intreat you not to puzzle me with riddles."

"You muſt be very dull of apprehenſion, indeed, my Lord, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, not to underſtand Mr. Burnaby's meaning, without a farther explanation."

"Hey day, my dear Madam, ſaid my Lord, are you too riddling with me?"

"Rid-

"Riddling! my Lord, ſaid ſhe—No, no, your Lordſhip knows very well, that there is nothing myſterious in what we ſay."

"I am extremely ſorry, Ma'am, ſaid my Lord, to differ in opinion from a Lady of your refined ideas, but by the four aces, I never met with two people ſo myſterious as yourſelf, and this gentleman, in my life."

"And I am extremely ſorry, my Lord, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, that this trifling is very unſeaſonable.—If your Lordſhip would reflect—"

"Oh! for G—d's ſake Ma'am, don't mention ſuch an unfaſhionable word, there is ſomething ſo d——d pedantic in reflection, that I never could endure it.."

This careleſs compoſure in Lord George, and the ſneering manner with which

which he treated her, was too provoking to be patiently borne by her.—A deeper red flushed her cheeks, and she felt herself doubly aggrieved by the insulting negligence of his behaviour.—She saw Burnaby ready to burst with rage, but being afraid that his impetuosity would carry him too far, replied briskly,

"I am not used, my Lord, to be treated in this contemptuous way by any body; to be treated so by a person, who has endeavoured to dishonour my family, and to be insulted by that person in my own house, is aggravating beyond expression.—If you presume upon your rank, my Lord,——"

"Hold, Madam, said my Lord, coolly, there is nothing so bad for the features as passion; it absolutely throws them out of their natural order, and gives a mighty odd appearance to the face.—It heightens the complexion indeed, but

is

is apt to make it two high coloured, rather too roſy, Ma'am.—In the name of Venus and all the Graces, don't look ſo extremely fierce at me, for a Lady never ſhines in the character of a fury.—Are you not of my opinion, Mr. Burnaby?"

"My opinion, is, my Lord, that both this Lady, and myſelf, are greatly affronted by the ridiculous attempts your Lordſhip makes to appear ignorant of what you ought to be aſhamed.—Your behaviour at Freak-Park—"

"As pretty a park, upon my honour Sir, as I ever beheld; it ſtands exceſſively well; the ſituation is pleaſant; the environs are delightful, and Sir Charles, I will ſay that for him, has made a prodigious number of improvements.—I knew it in old Sir Jaſper's time, but then it was nothing, Sir Jaſper was a dull fellow, he had no taſte, he was no improver."

"If

"If you can bear, Madam, ſaid Burnaby to Mrs. Drayton, to hear his Lordſhip carry on his inſults, without charging him home, I can't.—My Lord, you have kept on the maſk of ignorance long enough, it is high time to pull it off.—Your behaviour to Miſs Bell Drayton—"

"Miſs Bell Drayton, Sir, ſaid my Lord, ſtill unmoved, is a very fine girl— I have ſpent many agreeable hours in her company, and do aſſure you, I am ſerious, upon honour, that her converſation is vaſtly entertaining: and I alſo aſſure you, that my behaviour to her (you force me to be vain) was altogether eaſy and familiar."

"Yes, yes, my Lord, ſaid Burnaby, eaſy and familiar enough, but give me leave alſo to tell your Lordſhip, that it was ſcandalous."

"That's

"That's a hard word, my dear Sir, ſaid my Lord, and ſounds very ſhocking to the ears of a gentleman."

"If your Lordſhip, replied Burnaby, had acted, at Freak-Park, like a gentleman, I ſhould not have uttered it.—But as you ſeem to be rather proud of your behaviour to Miſs Drayton, than to be aſhamed of it, I repeat the word which is ſo ſhocking, and ſay that it was ſcandalous—Your Lordſhip is a diſgrace"—

Burnaby now grew ſo enflamed, and ſpoke with ſuch vehemence of voice, that Mrs. Drayton trembled for fear of unhappy conſequences.—Clara, hearing the word diſgrace pronounced with a particular emphaſis, was as much alarmed as her mother; ſhe threw down her pen, ran into the parlour, and, with the greateſt earneſtneſs intreated her lover to keep his temper.

Lord

Lord George, on Clara's coming into the room, advanced to meet her, but Burnaby, putting himſelf between them, ſaid, "No my Lord, you have no buſineſs with that Lady."

"Well, I ſwear, ſaid my Lord, you are all droll people this afternoon—and as I find we are not like to comprehend one another clearly, I think I had better withdraw, 'till you do me the honour to view me in a more favourable light—and ſo, Mrs. Drayton, I am your moſt obedient ſervant—your obſequious ſlave, Miſs Drayton—my dear Mr. Burnaby yours, take good advice and keep your temper." With this ſpeech, Lord George took his leave in the moſt unconcerned, unembarraſſed manner, and left thoſe, whom he had ſo philoſophically inſulted, aſtoniſhed at his aſſurance.

When his Lordſhip was gone, Mrs. Drayton told Burnaby that ſhe ſhould have ſaid more to his Lordſhip, had ſhe not been afraid of his increaſing warmth.—" I am heartily glad, ſaid ſhe, that he has heard enough to prevent his re-newing his viſits to this houſe, and hope that nothing which you ſaid to him will be reſented."

" O I hope not, ſaid Clara, but I am very much terrified. Indeed, Mr. Burnaby, you was too hot—You ſhould not have been ſo furious in your expreſſions.

" Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear Clara, and do not let your imagination conjure up fears to diſturb your peace.—Have you written your letter to Bell?"

" I have not quite finiſhed it, ſaid Clara, becauſe I was frightened about you,

you, but it will ſoon be ready, if my ſpirits will give me leave to proceed."

"Pray keep up your ſpirits, my dear girl, and think no more of this afternoon's converſation;—if you continue in this alarmed and anxious way, you will make me very uneaſy, for I feel myſelf deeply affected by every thing which gives you pain.—I did not imagine I ſhould love you ſo well, continued he, ſmiling, when I firſt made my addreſſes to you, but ſince you have ſo much power over me, pray uſe it with moderation."

Clara, who had never diſcovered ſo much fondneſs in her lover before, was quite charmed with him, and retired, with a lighter heart, to finiſh her letter.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. DRAYTON AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A young Lady exhibited in an intereſting ſituation.

WHILE Clara was finiſhing her letter to Bell, her lover ſtruck off a few ſatisfactory lines to the Colonel, and at Mrs. Drayton's requeſt, employ-

ed honeſt Dixon, who was mentioned in the ſecond book of this hiſtory, for his faithfulneſs and diſpatch, to ride poſt to Freak-Park.—Dixon was luckily at hand, and undertook the commiſſion with a great deal of pleaſure, for the good creature loved the family, and always went about his errands for them with a particular alacrity.

When Dixon was diſpatched, Burnaby prepared to ſet off for his lodgings in town. It was duſky, but he always reached them within the hour from the time he ſet off, and the road was too public to be in the leaſt dangerous.—When he was told, however, that his horſe waited for him, he ſaw the tears ſtarting into Clara's eyes, and was affected at the ſight, but to chear her, ſaid, Come, come, my dear Clara, don't be low-ſpirited now, when we are ſo near being united, think of to-morrow, and let only gay ideas take poſſeſſion of your mind.—My dear Madam,

dam, pray do all you can to comfort your daughter, and drive away all impertinent gloomy thoughts——"

"Don't be angry with me, Sir, ſaid Clara, but I can't help being alarmed at your departure from hence to night: I am not afraid for your ſafety upon the road, but——"

"Nay then I am ſure, replied he, I do not ſee what can make you miſerable about my going to town; however, pray do not think I am angry with you for your fears; they proceed from too amiable a diſpoſition to excite anger, but, I wiſh for your own peace, that you would get rid of them as faſt as you can.—You ſay, you are not afraid for my ſafety upon the road, what is it then, which fills you with ſuch apprehenſion?"

"O, Sir, ſaid Clara, I wiſh Lord George may not do you ſome miſchief, out of ſpite; he looked at you when he went away, as if he reſented what you ſaid to him."

"Lord George! ſaid Burnaby, with a contemptuous tone—no, no, my dear, Clara, do not put yourſelf into any flurry upon his account, I beſeech you; ſuch a fellow is too inſignificant to give me any uneaſineſs, and I hope you will be too wiſe to trouble yourſelf about him—Lord George!"

"Well, Sir, ſaid Clara, with a tremor in her voice, don't be in a paſſion, about him."

"I am in no paſſion about him, ſaid Burnaby, not I; but I cannot bear to ſee you agitated, on his account.—A fine Lord indeed!

"Be

"Be calm, then, dear Sir, ſaid Clara, and I will try to reaſon myſelf out of my fears; had I not a ſincere regard for you, I ſhould not be rendered unhappy by them—with leſs ſenſibility, I ſhould have leſs anxiety, but I ſhould not be worthy of your affection."

"You charm me, my dear Clara, ſaid Burnaby, with the delicacy of your ſentiments, and the tenderneſs of your ſenſations; but I ſhall be very ſorry to find your happineſs interrupted, either by the former, or the latter; and therefore, I intreat you to expect the arrival of to-morrow, without any ridiculous apprehenſions."

"Do not call them ridiculous, Sir, ſaid Clara, weeping."

"Well, well, replied he, I re-call the word, and hope I ſhall ſee you to-mor-

row morning—I intend to be very early with you—in better ſpirits; if you are not.——"

"Pardon me, Sir, ſaid Clara, for interrupting you, but if you muſt go—'tis almoſt dark."

"I underſtand you my dear Clara—I tear myſelf from you—-Adieu—Adieu."

CHAP. II.

The exhibition, begun in the foregoing chapter, continued.

AS ſoon as Burnaby rode from the door, Clara could no longer keep her uneaſineſs within bounds; ſhe threw herſelf upon the ſofa, burſt into tears, and ſobbed as if her heart would break. Mrs. Drayton gave the ſtrongeſt and moſt engaging proofs of maternal affection, by endeavouring to ſooth her ſorrows, and to adminiſter conſolation to her, but the anxiety ſhe felt for the ſafety of her lover, prevented all the kind endeavours of her mother from being ſucceſsful.—" It is not yet quite dark my dear; Mr. Burnaby will ſoon be in town, he is always well mounted, and ſo many people are riding in this part of the evening, that indeed you alarm yourſelf needleſsly about him."

"As for his ſafety between this houſe and his own lodgings, Madam, replied Clara, raiſing up her head, which reſted on one of her hands againſt an elbow of the ſofa, I am not much alarmed, though I wiſh, he could have been accommodated here to night.—My fears are chiefly occaſioned by his impetuous carriage before Lord George, who, though he aſſumed ſuch ignorance, and behaved with ſo much indifference, was certainly piqued at being diſcovered, and will, I doubt, for ſuch men ſtick at nothing, let his reſentment fall on Mr. Burnaby, who he might very rationally believe had no ſmall ſhare in expoſing his deſigns, by his activity in condemning them.—Pardon my weakneſs, Madam, continued ſhe, if it is a weakneſs; were you in my ſituation, you would, I believe, feel as I do, very, very unhappy. I ſhall have no peace till he returns; I cannot think of any repoſe,

I am

I am bewildered with terrifying appreſions."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, you frighten yourſelf too much; Mr. Burnaby was to be ſure very warm, and any man of ſpirit, who was going to be cloſely connected with a family, would have been ſo, if the perſon who had attempted to diſhonour any part of it, came in his way; but I foreſee no ill conſequences from that warmth, I own. If Lord George is the man I take him to be, Mr. Burnaby will not in any ſhape be moleſted by him; for I dare ſay his Lordſhip minds nothing but the purſuit of his pleaſures. Such a man, if he is diſconcerted in one family, always forms ſchemes for his reception in another; therefore I beg you would try to make yourſelf eaſy, and think with me, that Lord George forgot us all, when he ſtepped into his chariot."

"I would

"As for his ſafety between this houſe and his own lodgings, Madam, replied Clara, raiſing up her head, which reſted on one of her hands againſt an elbow of the ſofa, I am not much alarmed, though I wiſh, he could have been accommodated here to night.—My fears are chiefly occaſioned by his impetuous carriage before Lord George, who, though he aſſumed ſuch ignorance, and behaved with ſo much indifference, was certainly piqued at being diſcovered, and will, I doubt, for ſuch men ſtick at nothing, let his reſentment fall on Mr. Burnaby, who he might very rationally believe had no ſmall ſhare in expoſing his deſigns, by his activity in condemning them.—Pardon my weakneſs, Madam, continued ſhe, if it is a weakneſs; were you in my ſituation, you would, I believe, feel as I do, very, very unhappy. I ſhall have no peace till he returns; I cannot think of any repoſe,

I am

I am bewildered with terrifying appreſions."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, you frighten yourſelf too much; Mr. Burnaby was to be ſure very warm, and any man of ſpirit, who was going to be cloſely connected with a family, would have been ſo, if the perſon who had attempted to diſhonour any part of it, came in his way; but I foreſee no ill conſequences from that warmth, I own. If Lord George is the man I take him to be, Mr. Burnaby will not in any ſhape be moleſted by him; for I dare ſay his Lordſhip minds nothing but the purſuit of his pleaſures. Such a man, if he is diſconcerted in one family, always forms ſchemes for his reception in another; therefore I beg you would try to make yourſelf eaſy, and think with me, that Lord George forgot us all, when he ſtepped into his chariot."

"I would

" I would willingly, Madam, ſaid Clara, bring myſelf to think as you do; I ſhould be happier by ſeeing Lord George in the light in which he appears to you. I deſpiſe him, from the bottom of my heart, but I am alſo afraid of him. He may be very troubleſome ſtill to our family, and he looked, when he went away, as if he intended to be ſo."

" You ſaw his Lordſhip then, Clara, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, with very particular eyes; I diſcovered no ſuch intentions in his countenance; he rather appeared, I thought, to have a ſincere contempt for every body in the room, and to leave us as people quite beneath his notice.—His whole behaviour, while he ſtaid, was ſneering and ironical, and his laſt ſpeech ſufficiently convinced me, that he will not have the leaſt deſire to ſee any of us again".

" I wiſh,

"I wiſh, Madam, you may be right in your opinion about his Lordſhip's behaviour, and wiſh I may be miſtaken concerning it;—if my conjectures are confirmed, what—Oh, Madam, I am quite diſtracted—what pity it is, that Mr. Burnaby could not ſleep here to night!—perhaps I may never ſee him again."

"Nay, now, my dear Clara, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, you abſolutely throw comfort from you, and make yourſelf, unreaſonably miſerable—have patience till to-morrow morning, and if Mr. Burnaby does not appear, according to his appointment, you may with ſome reaſon be ſurpriſed; but even then, I ſhall not be terrified at his abſence, becauſe he may be unexpectedly diſappointed, and in no danger of his life."

Mrs. Drayton continued, during the remainder of the evening to reaſon, and even

even to rally her daughter out of her fears; and at laſt prevailed on her to retire to reſt, though ſhe was for a long time loth to encourage conſolating reflections.

CHAP. III.

By which it appears that Clara was a better phyſiognomiſt than her mother.

LORD George, when he ſtopped at Mrs. Drayton's to make his viſit, intended to have finiſhed the evening at Ranelagh; but the behaviour of Burnaby to him, had quite altered his plan, though he had addreſs enough to appear unaffected by it. There was a roughneſs in it, which he did not at all reliſh; it made an impreſſion on him, and he reſented it.—He ordered, therefore, the coachman to drive home directly as if the devil was in him; and John was very ready to obey him.

When

When his Lordſhip arrived in —— ſquare, Harry, his Primier, his Achates, without whom, in matters of this kind, he never concerted any meaſures, was commanded to follow him, into the library. " Harry, ſaid my Lord, with a very diſcompoſed countenance, I have been vilely baited this afternoon at Mrs. Drayton's, and that fellow, who is to marry the girl to morrow, took very impertinent liberties with me. I bore a great deal of his inſolence patiently, and concealed my emotions, becauſe I did not think it worth while to ruffle my temper about him, and becauſe I rather love to ſhow my reſentment at a time, when thoſe who have affronted me do not expect it. I carried off the treatment I met with, with all the indifference imaginable, and dare ſwear, that neither Burnaby nor the women, think that I ſhall trouble myſelf any farther about them—but they will be miſtaken, Harry, I believe. I have been

been ſcheming ever ſince I left the houſe, how to interrupt the pleaſure which they propoſe to enjoy to-morrow in it, and to throw all their affairs into confuſion.—You know I love a frolick, Harry, as I love my life, and you muſt be my principal engineer upon this occaſion."

My Lord then communicated his deſigns to Harry, and bid him propoſe any additions he could think of to heighten the frolick; but they were ſo completely ingenious, that even Harry, who generally improved upon his Lorſhip's plans, being hackneyed in the ways of wickedneſs, thought they were ſufficiently ſpirited and diabolical.

"Well, Harry, I depend upon your uſual fidelity and diſpatch."

"If I don't pleaſe you, in the execution of this affair, my Lord, I wiſh I may be ſcalped."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Burnaby, when he arrives at his apartments in — town, finds——what he did not expect.

BUrnaby, though he was ſorry to leave Clara in ſo low-ſpirited a way, hoping that ſhe would, with her mother's friendly aſſiſtance, grow more compoſed about his departure before the evening was over, rode to town rather light-hearted, and was too much taken up with his own affairs, to beſtow a thought upon the noble diſturber of his miſtreſs's peace. When he arrived in town, he ſent Thomas away with the horſes, and proceeded to an intimate friend of his, who was to accompany him the next morning, and be witneſs to his felicity. With that friend he got into ſuch intereſting chat, that he ſtaid with him longer than he propoſed, and the laſt hour of the

the night ſounded in his ears before he was aware of its approach. He roſe from his chair directly with his uſual alertneſs, and preſſing his friend's hand with the ſincereſt cordiality, deſired him to be punctual.—" You know the hour, ſaid he, and you know the impatience of my temper—conſider the occaſion, and do not overſleep yourſelf."—With this farewel and requeſt, he hurried out of the houſe, and was ſoon at home, for he lodged in the neighbourhood.

" Thomas, ſaid he, when he came into his dining-room, have you taken care to get every thing ready for to-morrow? Have you ordered the chariot to be hear exactly at ſeven? Are all my things prepared for dreſſing early?"

All theſe queſtions, and many more of the ſame kind, were thrown out one after another, with an eager accent, and a precipitate delivery. Burnaby was naturally

ly inclined to rapidity in the utterance of his thoughts, and the occaſion which now employed them rather increaſed, than retarded it. The tranſports which he expected to feel when he wheeled down his bride to ———, in his fine new poſt-chariot, with too ſmart poſtilions, enlivened him to ſuch a degree, that he danced about the room, with a tumultuous agitation of his whole perſon, and thereby made his ſober Thomas, look upon him as if he thought his maſter's love had deranged his intellects.

Thomas, however, was pleaſed to ſee his maſter ſo happy, and returned very ſatisfactory anſwers to all his queſtions. "And now, Sir, ſaid Thomas, if you pleaſe, here is a note for you, which a chairman left about an hour ago, and deſired me, in a particular manner, to give it into your own hands. As I thought it was of conſequence, I have kept it in my pocket ever ſince."

"Bur-

Burnaby ſnatched it from his ſervant, opened it, and read the following lines.

"LORD George Frolick, ſends compliments to Mr. Burnaby, and begs the favour of him to appear a few yards from the ring in Hyde-Park at ſix o'clock to-morrow morning, to ſettle a little affair in an honourable way—Mr. Burnaby knows very well in what light thoſe gentlemen are conſidered by the world, who refuſe a requeſt of this nature."

Friday evening.

Burnaby, when he had read this conciſe challenge, ordered Thomas to retire, but not to go to bed. As there was no alteration in his maſter's countenance, Thomas drew no diſagreeable inferences from the contents of the note which he had given him.

When

When Thomas left the room, Burnaby ſaid in a ſoliloquy, " Poor Clara! it hurts me to think, how diſtreſſed you will be, under the diſappointment you muſt receive to-morrow morning, by which your fears will be neceſſarily increaſed. Lord George has unluckily choſen a day which I had devoted to a different engagement, but when a man's honour is concerned, all days are alike."

Burnaby determined immediately to anſwer his Lordſhip, with the point of his ſword; he wiſhed he had been called upon at another time, but the propoſed pleaſures of a wedding-day, when placed in oppoſition to the pains of imputed cowardice, were no objects. His only embarraſſment was, how to couch his apology to Clara, for not keeping his appointment, in ſuch terms, as neither to alarm her for his ſafety, nor render his fidelity ſuſpected. He was certainly in a delicately

cately perplexing ſituation, and the difficulties which occurred to him, during his intellectual operations, ſeemed to be unſurmountable. After wearying his brains for a long while, to no purpoſe, he at laſt ſtarted a thought, which flattered him a little with the hopes of being able to perform his promiſe as a lover, without any impeachment of his reputation as a man. "Lord George, ſaid he to himſelf, is much more noted for his gallantries, than his courage; and though nobody loves a frolick more, I never heard that he was a fighting character. His Lordſhip, perhaps, from a natural diſpoſition to make miſchief, hearing of my intended marriage to-morrow, has had recourſe to this ingenious contrivance to retard it, and thereby add to the domeſtic uneaſineſſes which he has already occaſioned. I will be at the place his Lordſhip mentions, at the fixed hour. If I find him not there, I will ſtay a reaſonable time, and, in caſe of his non-

ap-

appearance, ſhall be able to reach C——— before the canonical hour."

Burnaby amuſed himſelf ſo much with theſe reflections, that he rung for Thomas, and ordered him to be ready early in the morning, without countermanding any of the preparations for his wedding-day. He then retired to his chamber, but the agitation of his ſpirits, and the variety of thoughts, which roſe up one after another in his mind, prevented him from enjoying the bleſſings of repoſe. He toſſed through the remainder of the night, and the few dozes he had, were ſhort and interrupted.

CHAP. V.

A Chapter of expectation—and—anxiety.

AFTER a reſtleſs night, during which ſhe enjoyed very little repoſe, Clara roſe early, and prepared to receive her lover. Mrs. Drayton, was ſtirring alſo, and made the neceſſary preparations for Burnaby's reception with as much alacrity, as if ſhe herſelf had been going to be married. She was the more alert to keep up the ſpirits of her daughter, who could not help being anxious for the ſafety of him, on whom the happineſs of her life depended.—She loved Burnaby tenderly, and he had a very ſincere regard for her. He was not indeed a rapturous, or a whining character, like the kneeling, proteſting heroes, who ſhine in a poet's page, but he had a tender heart; and all its tenderneſs was ſoon excited, whenever he ſaw his dear

Clara

Clara uneaſy.—He had more ſenſibility than he appeared to have, from the general turn of his behaviour; thoſe who appear to have a great deal, very often feel nothing. Clara, being a girl of diſcernment, knew the full value of the object on which ſhe placed her affections, and knew that it was conſiderable. I ſpeak not in a lucrative, but a moral ſenſe.

There cannot be perhaps produced a more ſtriking picture of expectation, than a girl, waiting for the man to whom ſhe is going to be united; to make the picture agreeably ſo, the girl muſt be ſuppoſed, like Clara, to love the perſon for whom ſhe waits.—Expectation was ſtrongly painted in Clara's face as ſoon as ſhe roſe in the morning, and the anxiety of her mind, which at the ſame time baniſhed all chearfulneſs from her features, heightened the expreſſion of it.

Every thing was ready long before the hour appointed for Burnaby's arrival, but after every thing was ready, every minute was reckoned with impatience. Clara's eyes were by turns directed to her watch, and to the window, and ſhe, by turns, ſat in every chair in the room. "Dear Madam, ſaid ſhe, to her mother, don't you think Mr. Burnaby is a monſtrous while coming ſo little a way?"—"My dear, replied Mrs. Drayton, the time is not come for his arrival; according to what he ſaid laſt night, he won't be here theſe two hours."—"O! horrid, Madam, don't ſay ſo—ſurely you miſunderſtood him."—"No, my dear, replied ſhe, I did not, indeed, but I am not at all ſurpriſed at your impatience, conſidering the ſuſpence you are in about him; it is very natural, and very excuſable."

Two hours to a girl in Clara's ſituation, was an age, and ſhe was at a loſs to know how to make them fly imperceptibly

bly away; ſhe never complained ſo heavily of the tedioufneſs of time, and never wiſhed ſo much to quicken its motion. A very friendly neighbour, one Mrs. Allen, who was invited to the wedding, and the only one at C——, joined with Mrs. Drayton, in trying to amuſe Clara.—She was a ſenſible, chatty woman, and having been herſelf in ſimilar circumſtances, knew how to make allowances for the inquietude of her Behaviour.—"Come, come, Miſs Drayton, ſaid the chearful widow, let us ſee your face not quite ſo forlorn; another hour will put an end to theſe fuſſes.—I have waited for my lover, as you do now, but I was not half ſo flurried as you are, becauſe he did not come before he promiſed to be with me; you have not long to ſtay now, my dear."

"Not long, Madam, ſaid Clara, an hour, not long? I think an hour a great while, and if you had been in the ſame anxious ſituation as I am, when you wait-

ed for Mr. Allen, you would not have been altogether ſo eaſy, as you endeavour to make me think you was.—There is a ſingularity in my ſituation, Madam, which prevents me from receiving any relief from your well-intended conſolations."

Mrs. Allen only deſigning, by what ſhe ſaid to Clara, to draw her into chat, in order to divert her thoughts, replied, "I am ſorry, Miſs Drayton, that you are in ſuch a ſituation, as to render you unable to receive any comfort from your friends, but I ſee nothing in the ſingularity of it, to prevent our endeavours to make the few moments you have to wait for Mr. Burnaby, from being tireſome."

"The few moments, Madam! ſaid Clara; how oddly your watch goes! for ſhe ſaw Mrs. Allen look at it, when ſhe cloſed her ſpeech.—It is not, I am ſure, a quar-

a quarter of an hour, ſince you ſaid, that an hour would put an end to my fuſſes."

"Ay, my dear, ſo you think, ſaid Mrs. Allen, but you are not at preſent a proper judge about time, it runs away faſter than you imagine."

Clara, turned her eyes towards her mother, as much as to ſay, how ſtrangely Mrs. Allen talks.

Mrs. Drayton underſtood the meaning of Clara's looks perfectly well, and ſaid,

"Mrs. Allen is quite right, Clara, in ſaying, that time runs away faſter than you imagine.—She, who is not ſo impatient as you are, does not find time ſo tedious."

"I wiſh then, ſaid Clara, that I was leſs ſo, for I am ſure I ſuffer a great deal of uneaſineſs."

In this manner did Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Allen, try to hinder Clara from counting every moment, and giving way to the terrors of imagination; and in this manner did Clara's impatience and apprehenſions counter-work their good intentions.—Poor Clara, however, was certainly to be pitied; and I ſhall have but a ſlight opinion of the humanity of thoſe readers, who ſhall cloſe this chapter without compaſſionating her condition.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A chapter of ſuſpence—diſſappointment —and—diſtraction; a ſequel to the preceding one.

"WELL, Madam, ſaid Clara to Mrs. Allen, I hope you will allow, that the hour which Mr. Burnaby fixed for his arrival is come." "I will, ſaid Mrs. Allen, but you muſt not be ſo exact, as to calculate his coming to a minute; clocks may differ, or ſomething may have retarded his ſetting out at the time intended."

"Ay, replied Clara, with a ſigh, ſomething indeed, I believe has retarded him.—I am afraid, continued ſhe, with a deeper ſigh, that I ſhall never ſee him again."

"O dear, Miſs Drayton, how came that thought into your head? anſwered Mrs. Allen; indeed you have ſtrange notions, not at all fit to be encouraged.—I ſhall certainly tell Mr. Burnaby when I ſee him, in what a way you have been about him, and make him merry with your fears."

"Nay, now I think, Madam, ſaid Clara, that it is you who have ſtrange notions; for ſurely the ſight of any body uneaſy, for whom you profeſs a regard, can afford no matter of mirth.—If you felt as I do, Madam, continued ſhe, you would not ſuppoſe yourſelf a proper object for the laughter of your friends."

"My dear Miſs Drayton, ſaid Mrs. Allen, I beg you would not have ſo mean an opinion of me, as to imagine, that I take any pleaſure in your anxieties upon the preſent occaſion, or that I laugh with

with any deſign to increaſe them.—Your ſituation is far from being ridiculous;—my only aim is to fill your mind with chearful ideas, and rout thoſe which diſturb your peace."

"I believe, Madam, ſaid Clara, (ſoftened by this ſpeech which Mrs. Allen ſpoke in a very affectionate manner) that your intentions are kind, and am ſorry that my fears make me ſo troubleſome."

"Not in the leaſt ſo, replied Mrs. Allen, but I dare ſay that your Mamma wiſhes as well as I, that you did not indulge them."

"You ſay very right, Madam, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, I have talked a great deal to my daughter upon this ſubject, but to no purpoſe."

"Have I not reaſon now, Madam, ſaid Clara to her mother, to be alarmed?

It his half an hour paſt the time appointed—half an hour is a great while after that time. What I ſuffered before, might be imputed to impatience, but what I now ſuffer, is, I hope, not to be attributed to the ſame cauſe."

"You have undoubtedly, my dear Clara, ſaid her mother, reaſon to be a little ſurpriſed at Mr. Burnaby's delay, but not alarmed; you may be aſſured that it is not of his own making, and that he will give a very good account of himſelf, for not appearing as ſoon as he was expected.—But to put an end to this ſtate of ſuſpence, I will ſend away a meſſenger directly, and——"

"Oh! by no means, Madam, ſaid Clara, eagerly, there is an indelicacy in ſuch a proceeding which ſhocks me, in ſpite of all the uneaſineſs which I feel for Mr. Burnaby, and which I wiſh to have removed."

One

One of the ſervants was then diſpatched to the high London-road, which was not far from Mrs. Drayton's houſe, but could not be ſeen from any of her windows, ſo many buildings obſtructed the view, with orders to make haſte back as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the leaſt glimpſe of Mr. Burnaby's livery. Clara was pleaſed with this mark of her mother's concern, for her anxious ſituation, and expreſſed her pleaſure in the moſt dutiful terms. "Nothing my dear, ſaid the good mother, ſhall be wanting on my ſide, to make you as happy as you deſerve to be, and though I appear to chide you for your alarms, I am too deeply intereſted in your happineſs, not to endeavour to promote it to the utmoſt of my power."

Clara, when the ſervant was gone to her poſt of obſervation, planted herſelf at the window which ſtood the moſt convenient for her purpoſe, to watch her return.

turn. After ſhe had ſtrained her eyes in the attitude of eagerneſs, for near half an hour, ſhe ſaw her turn the corner of the lane, followed by Mr. Burnaby's Thomas.—She ſtarted, at the ſight of Thomas, but obſerving on his nearer approach, that there was a remarkable ſolemnity in his countenance, ſhe ſcreamed out, "Oh, Madam, 'tis all over with him!—I ſhall never ſee him again!"

Mrs. Drayton, and Mrs. Allen, not ſitting near the window, were very much ſurprized to hear Clara's diſtracted exclamation, but in a moment afterwards, on the appearance of Thomas, Mrs. Drayton's concluſions were not very different from thoſe of her daughter, as ſhe plainly perceived an uncommon gloomineſs in his features.

Clara ran into the paſſage as ſoon as the ſtreet-door was opened, and cried out, "Oh, Thomas, what is the matter?—Is your maſter alive?"

"Alive?

"Alive? ſaid Thomas, aye Madam thank G—d; I ſhould be very ſorry if he was not.—I have brought a letter from him to you, Madam."

Clara threw up her eyes to heaven with a ſhort prayer, for the preſervation of her lover's life, and ſeizing the letter with a tranſport of joy, returned haſtily to the parlour.

"He is not dead, Madam, ſaid ſhe to her mother, with a ſpirited tone; here's a letter from him."

"Well, replied Mrs. Drayton, I am glad he has wrote; ſomething very extraordinary has happened to prevent his coming, and he is very good to acquaint us with it."

During this ſpeech, Clara was reading her letter, and at the cloſe of it, changed

ed colour, and was juſt ready to faint.—He is alive, Madam, ſaid ſhe, but is, I am afraid in a dangerous way; he does not mention the cauſe of his confinement, and by the ſuddenneſs of his indiſpoſition, I wiſh my apprehenſions may not be confirmed."

"Let me read his letter, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, I may perhaps not find it ſo terrifying.—Clara gave it to her mother, who read it aloud."

—— ſtreet, Saturday morning.

Dear Miſs Drayton,

"I am very ſorry that it is not in my power at preſent to wait on you, and perform my engagements. I was ſuddenly attacked this morning, which confines me to my room, but I am in good ſpirits, and apprehend no danger.—I am adviſed, however, to keep myſelf quiet.—I ſay ſo, in order to apologize for the brevity of my letter.—Be not alarmed, but

but believe me your's with the greateſt ſincerity and affection,

J. Burnaby."

"P. S. My beſt reſpects to Mrs. Drayton."

"Don't you think, Madam, ſaid Clara to her mother, when ſhe had finiſhed the letter, that poor Mr. Burnaby is extremely ill? He tells me, that he is adviſed to keep himſelf quiet, and it is plain to me, that he wrote the few lines you have read, with a ſhaking hand."

"It is very plain, my dear Clara, replied ſhe, that Mr. Burnaby's illneſs requires confinement and care, but as he tells you that he is in good ſpirits, and apprehends no danger, why ſhould you think that he is in a dangerous ſituation?"

"I don't know what to think, Madam, cried Clara, looking wildly—I am alarmed—confuſed—diſtracted—a thouſand

ſand frightful ideas ariſe in my mind—a thouſand horrid images preſent themſelves to my fancy.—What, what will become of me?"

Mrs. Drayton was greatly afflicted to ſee Clara in ſuch agonies of diſtreſs, and pitied her from her heart, but did not know in what manner to conduct herſelf upon ſo nice an occaſion.—She was lucky, however, in having her friendly neighbour Mrs. Allen with her, in theſe embarraſſing circumſtances, whom ſhe conſulted how to act, in order to be more minutely informed of Burnaby's diſorder, and to make Clara more eaſy about his welfare.—Thomas went back, directly on the delivery of the letter, from him therefore ſhe could procure no intelligence. After having ſtarted and rejected a number of ſchemes, ſhe took the advice of Mrs. Allen, and determined to go to Mr. Burnaby's lodgings, and try to receive from his own mouth, a more ſatisfactory

tisfactory account of his indiſpoſition.—Clara was loth to be left at home, but the refinement of her ſentiments would not permit her to follow the impulſes of her ſenſibility.

CHAP. VII.

Mrs. Drayton's viſit to Mr. Burnaby.

LUckily for Mrs. Drayton, carriages were not ſcarce at C——. Little time paſſed between the planning and the execution of her deſign.—She was ſoon in —— ſtreet, and ſurpriſed Thomas with her appearance. "Bleſs me! Madam, is it you?"—"Ay, Thomas, replied ſhe, you was in ſo great a hurry to go back to your maſter, that I had no opportunity to enquire after particulars relating to his diſorder.—His letter was not full enough to give me ſatisfaction, and therefore I am come to viſit him myſelf.—Is he able, do you think, Thomas, to bear my company?"

"Yes,

"Yes, Madam, ſaid Thomas, I am ſure he will be glad to ſee you.—He is now ſitting in his eaſy chair.—There is nobody but his ſurgeon with him."

"Surgeon! replied Mrs. Drayton, aſtoniſhed, and turning pale."—The ſound of his maſter's bell, prevented Thomas from ſaying any more, but he ſoon came down, to tell her that her company would be extremely agreeable.

As ſoon as Mrs. Drayton entered the room, the ſurgeon took his leave, and ſeeing her look frightened, ſaid, as he paſſed by her, "Don't be alarmed, Madam, there is no danger."—The ſurgeon intended to comfort her, but he threw her into violent agitations.

"My good Mrs. Drayton, ſaid Burnaby, excuſe my riſing to receive you, but pray believe, that you give me, by this

this viſit, a great deal of pleaſure.—I was unluckily diſappointed this morning, but I hope I ſhall, in a ſhort time, be well enough to be one of your family.—You look very gravely at me, as if you think I ramble, but I aſſure you, I am quite in my ſenſes, and know what I am ſaying."

He then gave her a particular account of the note he received from Lord George the evening before, the embarraſſment he was in how to apologize to Clara for his abſence, without alarming her fears, or rather confirming them, and the conſequences which attended his meeting his Lordſhip in Hyde-Park.—" My Lord, ſaid he, concluding his narrative, behaved, I own, like a man of honour, and I was an unlucky fellow, and ſo there's an end of the affair.—All my trouble is about my dear Clara; for I am well aſſured, from the natural tenderneſs of her diſpoſition, and the ſituation in which I left her

her laſt night, that ſhe is truly diſtreſſed: I long to comfort the amiable girl, but I cannot venture to C— yet.—In the mean time, my dear Madam, pray inform her how much more I ſuffer on her account, than on my own, and tell her I ſhall think the days years till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing her.—I never wiſhed to ſee her ſo much in my life."

Mrs. Drayton, though ſhe was tolerably eaſy about his wounds, and charmed with his expreſſing ſo much tenderneſs for poor Clara, thinking that he would, if ſhe ſtaid any longer, exert himſelf beyond his ſtrength, and thereby retard his recovery, very prudently withdrew, with the ſincereſt wiſhes for his ſpeedy cure.

Burnaby thanked her over and over, for the pleaſure which ſhe had given him by her company, and begged ſhe would, in the gentleſt manner, acquaint his dear Clara with the cauſe of his confinement.

Mrs.

Mrs. Drayton promiſed to perform his requeſt with the utmoſt circumſpection, and returned to C——, ruminating all the way on what ſhe had heard, and on what ſhe ſhould ſay upon her arrival at her own houſe.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Drayton returns to her daughter.

MRS. Allen, by her friendlineſs and good ſenſe, her chearfulneſs and perſuaſive powers, had made ſo good a uſe of the time while Mrs. Drayton was gone to London, that Clara was much benefited by her agreeable converſation, and waited, with great compoſure, for her mother's return. When the carriage, however, which brought her back, ſtopped at the door, ſhe felt a violent palpitation at her heart, and received her mother in the paſſage (for ſhe was too agitated

tated to wait for her entrance into the parlour) with a flood of tears.

Mrs. Drayton was the more moved to ſee Clara ſo diſtreſſed at the ſight of her, becauſe ſhe was the more embarraſſed to know in what manner to communicate Burnaby's real ſituation, conjecturing, and not irrationally, from the mournful appearance ſhe made, that ſhe had been deeply ſorrowing from the moment of her departure: and her embarraſſment was really ſo exceſſive, that ſhe could not bring out the words which ſhe longed to utter, in order to remove her affliction. Her ſilence, at ſo critical a juncture, added weight to Clara's grief, doubled her apprehenſions, and increaſed her tears.

After a ſhort ſtruggle, during which, ſhort as it was, Clara never in her life felt ſuch painful ſenſations, Mrs. Drayton ſaid, "My dear Clara, don't make yourſelf ſo miſerable; you have no reaſon

ſon to weep ſo bitterly: Mr. Burnaby is in a fair way of doing well: the nature of his diſorder will confine him for ſome time to his room, but the ſurgeon aſſured me, that there were not the ſlighteſt ſymptoms of danger."

"O heavens, Madam, ſaid Clara, what dreadful accident has happened, to make a ſurgeon neceſſary?—but I am afraid to aſk—I need not aſk—I ſee, by your countenance, that my ſuſpicions about Lord George were not ill-founded."

"They were not ill-founded, my dear, I confeſs, ſaid ſhe; and as it is requiſite that you ſhould know the whole truth of the affair, that you may not be unreaſonably alarmed by the concealment of it, I muſt tell you, that Mr. Burnaby has been wounded by Lord George in a duel."

Clara, though her fears had prepared her to hear this news, fainted at it, and her mother, while ſhe was with her friend engaged to recover her from her ſwoon, would have given any thing to recall her words.—By the uſual applications Clara ſoon recovered. "Did not I tell you, Madam, ſaid ſhe, with a deep ſigh, that they would fight?"—"You did, my dear, replied Mrs. Drayton, but I never imagined, that their meeting together yeſterday would have been attended with ſuch conſequences. However, as the duel is over, and as Mr. Burnaby is not dangerouſly wounded, you ought, inſtead of giving a looſe to grief, thank God, that your lover is alive, and that I have brought ſo favourable an account of him."

"I do, I do, Madam, ſaid Clara, from the bottom of my heart, and ſhall pray every

every hour for his ſpeedy recovery.—How did he look, Madam?"

"Look, my dear? ſaid Mrs. Drayton, why never better. I ſhould not have thought that he wanted any of the Faculty.—I ſhortened my viſit, becauſe I was afraid of making him exhauſt his ſpirits, and thereby retard his cure, and becauſe I longed to put you out of your pain. He ſpoke of you in the higheſt terms, and intreated me to tell you, when I left him, that he ſuffered much more on your account than his own."

This laſt ſpeech had the deſired effect: Mrs. Drayton was in hopes that Clara would be pleaſed, at being ſo kindly remembered by the perſon for whom ſhe had felt ſo much uneaſineſs, and ſhe was not diſappointed.

"Amiable man! ſaid Clara, how happy I am in not having placed my affec-

tions upon an unworthy object!—May I not wiſh—"

Here ſhe ſtopped, coloured, and looked a little confuſed, as if ſhe thought ſhe was going to aſk an improper queſtion.

Mrs. Drayton, charmed with her delicacy, and modeſt confuſion, ſmiling, replied,

"I gueſs, my dear, at what you are going to ſay, and before you aſk your queſtion, approve of it. There is certainly not the leaſt impropriety in wiſhing to ſee a man, who has conducted himſelf with ſo much honour in every reſpect, and whoſe behaviour to you, in particular, has been ſo unexceptionable."

"You have indeed, Madam, expreſſed my wiſhes, ſaid Clara, and give me no ſmall pleaſure, by defending the propriety

priety of them; and as you think me not indelicately forward in desiring to see Mr. Burnaby, you will, I doubt not, in the properest manner, contrive to procure for me that innocent satisfaction."

"You may be assured, my dear, said Mrs. Drayton, that I shall embrace the first opportunity to procure that satisfaction for you, and all opportunities to make you happy."

Mrs. Allen enjoyed this conversation between Mrs. Drayton and Clara extremely, and did not know which to admire most, their heads or their hearts.—"I never, said she, saw so pretty a family-scene."

CHAP. IX.

The arrival of an unexpected Lady, occaſions no ſmall ſurpriſe, and gives a new turn to the converſation.

MRS. Allen, as it grew duſky, took up her cloak (for though it was a ſummer-evening, the temperature of the air did not render ſuch a covering abſurd) and was going to throw it over her ſhoulders. Mrs. Drayton ſnatched it from her with her uſual good humour, and preſſed her to finiſh the day where ſhe was.—Mrs. Allen made a few objections, but they were ſoon over-ruled, by the united rhetoric of her amiable friends, and ſhe ſat quiet in her chair.—Neither ſhe, Mrs. Drayton, nor Clara, ſat quiet long, for on ſeeing a ſmart female figure on horſeback riding towards the houſe, they all quitted their ſeats, at the ſame inſtant,

out

out of curioſity.—Bell Drayton was the laſt perſon whom either of them expected to ſee, but on the Lady's nearer approach, preceeded by Dixon, Clara cried out, "Oh! madam, here's my ſiſter!"

It was duſky, but not too dark for the eye to be convinced of the reality of the object, to which it was directed.—Bell made a graceful bow, and kiſſed her hand, before ſhe alighted, but though ſhe ſeemed to be glad to ſee the faces of her relations again, there was a ſerioufneſs in her features, which diſcovered that her joy was not without allay.

Mrs. Drayton received her daughter with open arms, and ſaid, "My dear Bell, I am very glad to ſee you, but I hope no diſagreeable event has haſtened your departure from Freak-Park.—The letter which Clara wrote laſt night, was intended to remove the uneaſineſſes of which you complained in yours, and I

hope it proved acceptable."—"It would have been highly ſo, Madam, replied ſhe, if it had arrived ſooner.—But I am equally obliged to my dear ſiſter for writing, and to you for ſending it in the moſt expeditious manner."—"My dear Clara, continued ſhe, I ſincerely congratulate you on the arrival of this day, and wiſh you all the happineſs in your preſent ſituation, that you can yourſelf deſire."—Poor Clara burſt into tears, and threw herſelf upon her ſiſter's neck, but could not ſpeak a word.

"Your ſiſter, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, has met with a ſevere diſappointment." She then related to Bell, circumſtantially, the cauſes of that diſappointment, and concluded with ſaying, "However, I do not doubt, but every thing will turn out well in the end, and hope to ſee you both happy, notwithſtanding theſe untoward occurrences.—But my dear Bell, I ſhould be glad to hear the par-

particulars of your ſtory, becauſe the communication of them, may perhaps put us in a way to counter-work the malice of the ſuſpected Lady Freak, and bring matters to an eligible concluſion."

"Colonel Freeman, Madam, ſaid Bell, quite tired of his endeavours to have a private converſation with me, which I always rendered ineffectual, went away yeſterday morning from Freak-Park, to all appearance in the moſt diſcontented ſtate of mind.—I pitied him, but I could do no more.—Though I had no proofs of Lady Freak's want of veracity, I had alſo no aſſurances that her intelligence was fictitious, and therefore, in ſuch a ſuſpended ſituation, was determined to wait for an eclairciſſement.—My ſiſter's letter opened my eyes, but it at the ſame time, was a dagger to my heart.—I called myſelf a thouſand fools, for liſtening to Lady Freak's news concerning the Colonel, and accuſed myſelf of the greateſt

ingratitude, for treating ſo amiable a man in ſo undeſerving a manner.—If you had ſeen me, raving up and down the room, with the letter in my hand, you would have thought me really mad; I was indeed hardly in my ſenſes; ſo agitated were my ſpirits, and ſo diſtracted were my thoughts.—As ſoon as I was a little compoſed, I went with my letter to Lady Freak, and charged her home, with having invented news about the Colonel's marriage, with a deſign to break off his attachment to me. She did not deny the charge, but the way in which ſhe owned the juſtneſs of it, was mortifying beyond expreſſion. She laughed at me for being ſo credulous, and, in ſhort, behaved with ſuch inſulting airs on the occaſion, that I thought it was better to put myſelf under Dixon's protection, and return to C——, than to ſtay and receive freſh proofs of her contemptuous and inſolent behaviour.—I hope, Madam, you do not diſapprove of the ſteps I have taken

in

in this affair; but indeed I could not bear her treatment, added to my diſappointment."

"My dear Bell, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, I approve very much of your conduct, and have the higher opinion of it from its having drawn Lady Freak's reſentment upon you.—She is a woman of whoſe principles I have but a ſlight notion, but I did not think ſhe was of ſo malicious a diſpoſition.—As her general character in the world is not infamous, and as ſhe is well received in the beſt company, I could not handſomely refuſe her requeſt, when ſhe invited you to ſpend part of the ſummer with her; but I am heartily glad you are come from Freak-Park with ſuch impreſſions, becauſe I dare ſay you will not have any inclination to viſit that place again."

"No, Madam, ſaid Bell, I have had quite enough of her Ladyſhip's company,

and deſire not even to ſee her face again. But my dear Clara, ſaid ſhe, turning to her ſiſter, why do you look ſo melancholy?—You have met with a diſappointment, but your lover is like to do well, and retains the ſincereſt regard for you. I have moſt reaſon, to be melancholy, for I have, by my own—I do not know whether I ſhould ſay, fooliſh, becauſe I was deceived by a falſe report—but cruel behaviour to an amiable lover, loſt him, perhaps, for ever.—For he certainly left Freak-Park, without any hopes of having his paſſion returned.—In a fit of deſpondency, if he is really what he appeared to be, he may remove himſelf to ſome far diſtant ſpot, or in a fit of reſentment, transfer his paſſion to another woman.—O Clara, Clara, your ſituation is not to be lamented.—You have no reaſon to complain of your lot; mine is indeed pitiable, but yours is to be envied."

In this kind of converſation, did they paſs the time till ſupper, introducing a new ſcene, and with it new ideas.—Mrs. Drayton did all in her power to render the little repaſt every way agreeable; and to keep both her daughters from encouraging gloomy thoughts, which ſeveral times, notwithſtanding all her pleaſantry, gave a ſolemn caſt to their features.—Mrs. Allen was very aſſiduous to aſſiſt Mrs. Drayton, in chearing the melancholy ſiſters, and before the evening cloſed, had the pleaſure of ſeeing them inclined to admit the flatteries of hope, and to repreſs the ſuggeſtions of fear.

Mrs. Drayton gave orders before ſhe retired to her chamber, that Dixon ſhould ſet off very early the next morning to Mr. Burnaby's lodging, not only for the ſatisfaction of her daughter, but to be able to judge by the anſwer which he ſent to her enquiries, how ſoon an interview be-

tween

tween them might be ventured. Clara could not help ſighing when ſhe entered the chamber which ſhe had in the morning quitted in her bridal dreſs, and reflecting on the extraordinary occurrences of the day.—Her ſiſter's diſtreſſes added, to her own anxieties, (for while Burnaby, ſhe knew was confined by his wound, in ſpite of all her mother's conſolations ſhe was anxious) forced from her eyes a flood of tears, to which Bell, with the ſincereſt ſorrow, joined hers.—They ſlept together, as they uſed to do.—I ſhould ſay, they attempted to ſleep, for when the flow of friendly converſation, was ſucceeded by the ſilence of the night; the diſagreeable thoughts, which had been diſperſed, collected themſelves together, drove reſt from their eyes, and baniſhed repoſe from their minds.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Some account of Colonel Freeman's movements after he departed from Freak-Park.

THE ſudden arrival of Bell Drayton, and the diſagreeable occaſion of it, will naturally excite the curioſity of readers of an inquiſitive turn, and inflame them with an ardent deſire to know whither the Colonel conveyed himſelf, when he left his quarters with ſo much precipitation and diſcontent, for his departure was rather abrupt, and Bell attributed it to the perſevering coldneſs of her own behaviour to him: It was that coldneſs, indeed, which ſent him away diſcontented, but notwithſtanding the daily, the hourly repulſes which he met with, his paſſion would have kept him from retreating, if he had not been called off from his poſt of love, by an expreſs from his brother, who

who had been ſeized with the gout in his ſtomach, and thinking himſelf near his diſſolution, had deſired the Colonel to be ſent for in the moſt expeditious manner. The Colonel, on receiving the expreſs, loſt no time, though he was loth to leave a girl for whom he was, in the amorous ſenſe of the word, dying, but rode poſt directly, croſs the country, to Sir Joſeph's ſeat in W—ſhire.

When he arrived at his brother's, fully expecting to ſee him in the agonies of death, for the contents of the letter which he received, gave him no room to think otherwiſe, he found Sir Joſeph ſitting in his elbow chair, with his bottle before him, and looking more like a bacchanal, than a man condemned to increaſe the number of the ſlain—he did not even appear to be among the wounded. The Colonel was exceſſively ſurpriſed, as any body may imagine, at ſeeing his brother in ſo hearty an attitude, and rather cherubic,

bic, than cadaverous in his countenance, and ſtarted as he entered his chamber.

"Ay, ay, Tom, ſaid Sir Joſeph, you may well ſtart.—Death has made a briſk attack upon me, to ſpeak to you in your own way, but with the aſſiſtance of my good friend in diſtreſs here, (graſping the bottle) I have drove him from the center. You will not be Sir Thomas, this bout. I hope to keep you out of the title and eſtate a good while; but, however, I am glad to ſee you with all my ſoul.—Come, Tom, ſit down, and moiſten your mouth, for I ſuppoſe you are as dry as gunpowder.—The roads were d—d duſty to be ſure, and therefore, waſh away your thirſt in a bumper.—Why Tom, what the d—l's the matter with you? you ſtare as if you never ſaw me before in your life."

"I never, indeed, Sir Joſeph, ſaw you in ſuch high ſpirits, ſo ſoon after an attack,

attack, which was repreſented to me, as the moſt dangerous one you ever had; but, notwithſtanding your mirth upon recovering from it, I am really glad to find you ſo facetious."

"As blyth as a Bullfinch, Tom, and if I can but confine old gout to my outworks, I ſhall be buckiſh enough, I warrant.—I do not mind him at the bottom, for I can drink with my feet in flannel, as well as if they were dreſſed in ſilk ſtockings for a birth-night-ball; let him keep there, and I ſhall do; but if he mounts upwards, he becomes too familiar, and his company is very troubleſome.—In ſhort, Tom, I do not ſtomach ſuch intimacies—you know I love a pun—for port and punning, I am your man, and ſo take your glaſs, and toaſt who you pleaſe, it is all one to Sir Joſeph, as long as the liquor is right."

The

The Colonel, being thoroughly acquainted with his brother's cue, and knowing the exact longitude of his head, as well as the length of his foot, did as he was desired, without ceremony, and thereby proved his politeness as well as his policy.

When a few healths had been drank, one of Sir Joseph's servants entered the room, to acquaint his master, that Mr. Julep the apothecary was below.—"O d——n him, said Sir Joseph, send him away; I want no assistance from him; tell him I am very well, and will send for him when I want any of his cursed slops." When the servant retired, Sir Joseph turned to his brother, and said, "I was so d——d bad yesterday, that I was forced to send for this fellow, and now I cannot get rid of him; he is always in the house, I think; these same gallipot-gentlemen are to be sure necessa-

ry

ry now and then, when poor nature is kicking hard againſt a rough diſtemper, that won't let her play her own part freely, but, I am afraid where they aſſiſt nature once, they help her enemies a hundred times. No, no, Tom, this is my nectar, better than all their curſed ſlops.

The Colonel arrived at his brother's at the beginning of the evening, and as they finiſhed it together in the manner already deſcribed, with no variations worthy of being recorded, a farther account of their nocturnal *manœvres*, will be neither inſtructive or entertaining.—A more minute deſcription, however, of Sir Joſeph's character, may be not altogether undiverting, and therefore, thoſe who are inclined to be better acquainted with the jovial knight, will ſee him again in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Sir Joſeph Freeman's character more minutely deſcribed.

SIR Joſeph has hitherto been viewed but in one light, to do him juſtice he ſhould be exhibited in ſeveral.—Drinking, though a paſſion which frequently over-ruled him, was not his ruling-paſſion, in the common ſenſe of thoſe words —'tis not quite ſo eaſy to ſay which was that paſſion, becauſe he was ſo mixed a character.—He was not a man of learning, for he read no book that was not written in the Engliſh language, but in that language he read almoſt every volume which was publiſhed. No ſubjects came amiſs to him, provided they were not abſtruſe and abſtracted: to attend to what he read, was too much; he read merely for amuſement: he was literally a reader—His appetite was keen, but he had

had a weak digeſtion—He affected, however, to make a parade with his book-knowledge, but never could riſe higher in converſation, than a Smatterer.—He was very ſuperficial, and yet not abſolutely contemptible; for, with all his Inſufficiency, he never appeared in company ſelf-ſufficient. He was not deep, but neither was he dogmatical: the obſervations he made were always trite, but he uttered them with a drollery which enlivened them, and blunted the arrows of criticiſm.

Sir Joſeph was alſo a man of *Virtû*: the polite arts were often mentioned by him with a particular pathos; but no man ever ſpoke more highly of them with leſs feeling.—In poetry, muſic, and painting, he had a little taſte: Epigrams, Venetian ballads, and pictures too ſmall for the naked eye, were his favourite compoſitions.—Punning is certainly the loweſt kind of wit, if wit it may be called; but

Sir

Sir Joſeph was ſo remarkbaly happy in his puns, that he often, with great ſucceſs, turned the gathering laugh around him, upon thoſe who were not prepared for his random-ſhot.—His puns often preſerved him from ridicule, becauſe they were ſmartly directed *ad hominem*, and they never gave offence, becauſe they were never ill-natured.—He abounded in lively expreſſions, but he never threw out any which gave pain to his hearers.—In ſhort, Sir Joſeph was an honeſt-hearted, good-humoured country gentleman, and though he did not ſhine in his literary or virtuoſo-character, he made an extreme conſequential figure at the head of a table among a ſet of jolly friends, and led a very merry life, without much immorality, when the gout was not in his ſtomach.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A converſation between Sir Joſeph Freeman and the Colonel, in which the former diſcovers opinions not in the leaſt palatable to the latter.

THE ſurpriſe which ſeized Colonel Freeman, at the ſight of his brother in ſuch an unexpected ſituation, fixed his attention entirely to the object before his eyes, and the ſubſequent hilarity of the evening, obliterated all the ideas which had given him ſo much uneaſineſs during the greateſt part of his ſtay at Freak-Park:—but they all returned in the morning as ſoon as he waked, and gave a ſerioufneſs to his countenance, when he came down to breakfaſt, which Sir Joſeph took notice of at his firſt appearance, with his uſual vivacity.

"Why,

"Why, how now, Colonel, ſaid the lively Knight, you look as ſolemn this morning, as if a dead march was playing in your ears. You was briſk enough laſt night, and the wine, I am ſure, could'nt diſagree with you, for 'tis of a proper age and a good body: I never drink a drop that is not four years old."

"Your wine, Sir Joſeph, was indeed excellent: I never taſted better; and I cannot ſay that I feel any inconveniences from the ſhare I had of it laſt night.—But one cannot always be in a joyful humour:—thoughts, thoughts, Sir Joſeph, will ſometimes be very troubleſome."

"Why ay, thoughts will come ſometimes rather impertinently, but I drown them as faſt as I can—However, I ſhould be glad to know what thoughts can give you any trouble—A ſtout healthy young fellow, with an eaſy fortune, and no family to plague him, to talk of trouble-

ſome thoughts!—Fy, fy, Tom, I have no patience with you—Why you look as melancholy as a deſpairing lover, or a ſorrowful ſhepherd in romance."

"To be plain, Sir Joſeph, I am juſt that very being: I know you will laugh at me, but I am——deſperately in love."

"And your miſtreſs is deſperately cruel——"

"Even ſo, Sir Joſeph; but notwithſtanding the exceſſive coldneſs of her behaviour to me, I am ſo thoroughly captivated by her charms, that I cannot drive her image from my mind.—In ſhort, I feel that ſhe is neceſſary to my happineſs, and if I am not fortunate enough to melt her icy breaſt, and fill it with ſoft ſenſations in my favour, I ſhall run diſtracted."

"You

"You talk, I think, Tom, ſaid Sir Joſeph, as if you was already diſtracted: you never appeared to me in this lover-character before, and, to tell you the truth, you, in my private opinion, over-act your part.—Captivated charms, icy breaſts, and ſoft ſenſations! what a pack of theatrical words are theſe, fit only to tickle the ears of raw girls, juſt budding in their teens."

"You wrong me very much, Sir, replied the Colonel, to ſuppoſe that I am playing a part, while I am deſcribing the impreſſion which one of the moſt agreeable and amiable girls in the world has made upon me, and——"

"Lookee here, Tom, interrupted Sir Joſeph, all this canting won't go down with me:—I can't bear to hear a man of your ſenſe and knowledge in the world, talk ſo much like a ſimpleton—But if you

really are ſo beſotted, as to think this agreeable, this amiable girl, neceſſary to your happineſs, I pity you heartily, and wiſh you may not have cauſe to curſe Cupid for making ſuch a fool of you.—A woman neceſſary to your happineſs!—Poor Tom!—What prepoſterous notions ſome people have about happineſs!—However, joking apart, by which you know I mean no harm, Tom, pray let me be informed who this captivating girl is, and when and where you was ſo terribly wounded by her."

"I found her at Freak-Park, Sir Joſeph, ſaid he, and ſhe there, by her converſation and her carriage, finiſhed the conqueſt which her eyes had made a few days before, when I ſaw her going thither with Lady Freak.—Her name is Drayton; ſhe is the youngeſt daughter of the late Charles Drayton, who had a conſiderable poſt in the —— office."

"I pity

"I pity you now more than ever, ſaid Sir Joſeph."

"Why ſo, Sir, ſaid the Colonel?"

"Becauſe you will, I know, have no reſt till you marry her (for though you are a ſoldier, you are an honeſt dog) and if you marry her, you will certainly be ruined—that's all—only ruined, Tom."

"I don't ſee the juſtneſs of your concluſion, Sir Joſeph."

"A lover, Tom, never ſees farther than his noſe: but hear me:—Drayton was a d—d extravagant fellow: he lived up to his place, made a flaſh, and ſaved nothing: bred up his girls in high taſte, and left them no fortunes to ſupport it:—he turned their heads, Tom; they expected to ride in their coaches; Drayton died, and down went all their hopes."

"While their father lived, replied the Colonel, the Miſs Draytons were, to be ſure, elegantly educated, and brought up with high expectations; but ſince his death, they have, under the protection of a very prudent mother, accommodated themſelves to their narrow circumſtances, and, by ſuch behaviour, have deſerved the higheſt encomiums."

"Lookee here, Tom, girls who have once had high notions inſtilled into them, always retain them.—Drayton's daughters have, you ſay, accommodated themſelves to their circumſtances: they may perhaps be artful enough to conceal their high notions, and appear very good domeſtic girls; but as ſure as I deſire to drive the gout to my toes, when it is travelling to my ſtomach, they will run into all the faſhionable extravagancies of the age, when they have drawn in men with money to marry them, and make the poor

devis

devils ready to run mad, by their expenſive follies."

"The common girls of the age, replied the Colonel, do indeed deſerve the cenſures you throw out, but Miſs Drayton is not entitled to them—You ſmile, but I believe if you had been in her company as much as I have, you would have altered your opinion of her."

"Well, well Tom, I ſee it is to no purpoſe to reaſon with a man in love, and ſo you muſt take your own way—only remember what I tell you—If you marry Bell Drayton, you'll catch a tartar:—That's all, Tom.—Don't forget what I ſay.—I thought you knew the ſex better: you have been buſy about them in your time; but I ſee plainly, that you'll be drawn into a d——d ſcrape with all your cunning."

In this manner did the two brothers frequently converſe together; for the Baronet, whenever he ſaw the Colonel in the leaſt inclining to the *penſeroſo* ſtile, rallied him upon his fooliſh attachment, and the colonel never failed, when his paſſion was attacked, to defend it.

CHAP. XIII.

The Colonel receives diſpatches from different quarters, which give him at once very pleaſing and very painful ſenſations.

THE letter which Burnaby had written to his friend Freeman at Freak-Park, and which Bell brought back with her, being returned to him, he diſpatched it, with a few additional lines, to the Colonel, at his brother's, having received a letter

letter from him, dated at Sir Joſeph's ſeat.

As ſoon as the Colonel had read Burnaby's letter, which thoroughly explained the alteration in the behaviour of his miſtreſs, and cleared up the doubts which had embarraſſed him, he was hardly able to keep his raptures within reaſonable bounds; but bating a few hearty curſes againſt Lady Freak, for inventing ſuch a lie about him, they were decent and allowable in his tranſported ſituation.

The Colonel was at dinner when the letter was delivered to him. At ſight of Burnaby's hand, his ſpirits were in a flurry, and he broke the ſeals with a kind of fearful expectation. "Give me joy, Sir Joſeph, ſaid he, as ſoon as he had read it, I am the happieſt fellow this day in England."—Sir Joſeph having a different idea of happineſs from his brother, and

ſuppoſing, very juſtly, that a love-fit had produced the exclamations which he heard, ſtuck cloſe, like a ſtaunch *bon-vivant*, to the pleaſures of the table, and never reſted his arms, till his appetite was appeaſed.—To thoſe pleaſures the Colonel left him, till he had diſpatched his ſervant to Burnaby with a note, and then returned to finiſh his dinner.

The bottles were ranged, before the Colonel, joyouſly agitated by the contents of the letter which he had read, recollected that it was accompanied by another.—But the peruſal of that transfixed him to his ſeat. The letter dropped upon the table, and he ſat like the picture of deſpair.

Sir Joſeph could not help taking notice of the ſudden tranſition from mirth to melancholy, and really imagined that the Colonel had received ſome terrible news,

news.—" What's the matter, Colonel? ſaid he—Why do you look ſo diſmal?" The colonel made no reply in words, but pointed to the cauſe of his concern.—Sir Joſeph, on finding that the letter was dated from the War-Office, and only contained orders to his brother to make immediate preparations for a voyage to Portugal, cried out, " Why, how now, Colonel, does this letter take away all your life and ſpirits? It ſhould, I think, brace you up as tight as a drum, and fire your mind with ambitious views.—A ſoldier, and look mortified when honour calls him to the field! Fy, fy—for ſhame—You have behaved like a brave fellow hitherto, don't diſgrace your family now, when you have ſo fair an opportunity to be a credit to it.—Lookee here, Tom, if this d—d gout did'nt cripple me, I would, though I have no buſineſs to run my head among bullets, and don't much like the Portugueſe, go a volunteer with you, for I long to have a ſtroke at the

Spaniards.—Why, Tom, you don't hear what I ſay, and I am ſure I ſpeak loud enough; you're in a brown ſtudy: ſurely you are not yet ſick of the ſervice: a ſoldier ſhould never think of laying down his arms, while he has arms to bear them, Do you hear that, Colonel?"—This pun was followed by a laugh, which expreſſed ſelf-ſatisfaction better than any words I can make uſe of.

"Why, really Sir Joſeph, though no man in the army goes through the duties of it more chearfully than myſelf, when I am called by my King to the performance of them, I muſt confeſs (and I hope you will not have the worſe opinion of me for making ſo free a confeſſion) that I wiſh I had been left out of the Portugal expedition."

"Ay, ay, this girl, this new miſtreſs, has taken faſt hold of your heart, and will make a fool of you, I ſee plainly.—

I never

I never knew a man good for any thing when he was in love—But come, Tom, drink a half pint bumper of this generous liquor (holding the bottle up to him) and you will be quite another creature.—Come, I'll lead the way, and drink confuſion to the Spaniards: — I hope to ſee you return from Liſbon with laurels; though between you and I, Colonel, I don't believe your courage will be violently demanded, for the Spaniards are a pompous people, and ſeem to be rather inclined to bully than to fight.—However, if they are in earneſt, and will ſtand our fire, I doubt not but you will give a good account of the Dons—Chear up, chear up, Colonel, or elſe you will never have a truncheon."

While Sir Joſeph was running on in this manner, preſſing his port, and venting his patriotiſm, the Colonel ſat, collected within himſelf, and paid no regard either to his brother's liquor, or his lungs.

Sir

Sir Joſeph had a fine roaring voice, and when he was particularly animated, it was particularly ſonorous.

"Was ever man, ſaid the Colonel, ſtarting from his chair, in ſuch a perplexed ſituation?—To be ſnatched from all I hold dear, juſt when I am on the point of being happy in the poſſeſſion of it!—You may talk, Sir Joſeph, as long, and as loud as you pleaſe, but till you have tender paſſions yourſelf, you cannot feel for thoſe who have ſuch paſſions to ſtruggle with. However, I will do my duty as a ſoldier, I ſhall then at leaſt deſerve to be ſucceſsful as a lover—But after what has happened, I muſt ſee this dear girl before I go."

"Ay, ſaid Sir Joſeph, I thought that ſpeech would come out—but lookee here, Tom, if you put yourſelf in her way, you will do a d—d ridiculous thing. She will play ſo charmingly upon your tender

tender paſſions, that you won't know whether you ſtand upon your head or your heels—Beſides, what will your meeting ſignify, when it muſt be ſo ſwiftly followed by a ſeparation?—You are not happy with the bare thoughts of leaving her; you will be a thouſand times leſs ſo after you have ſeen her.—Come, come, I have not drank away all my ſenſes this afternoon, though my paſſions are not quite ſo tender as yours."

"At any other time, Sir Joſeph, replied the Colonel, your mirth would make me merry, but I have now no reliſh for it:—I ſhould diſcover great want of ſenſe, did I not own, that your reaſoning with regard to my taking leave of Miſs Drayton is perfectly right; but people in love, my dear brother, are commonly driven by an irreſiſtible impulſe, to act in oppoſition to their judgments.—Oh, Sir Joſeph, you, in the ſharpeſt fit of the gout, don't feel half the

the anguiſh that I feel at this inſtant; for what is the pain of the body, compared to the agony of the mind?"

"Nay, now Tom, ſaid Sir Joſeph, you are abſolutely raving mad, to pretend to feel more than I do.—Your pain is a flea-bite to mine now in my little toe; — but you don't hear me making a noiſe about it."

The Colonel finding that he only loſt time, and ſpent his ſpirits to no purpoſe, in talking to his bacchanalian brother, left him to his bottle and his gout, and departed to make the neceſſary preparations for his interview with Bell Drayton, and his voyage to Portugal.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. DRAYTON AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

The different behaviour of two ſiſters, under the influence of the ſame paſſion.

CLARA and Bell, after having paſſed a reſtleſs night, roſe very little refreſhed by the ſhort ſlumbers, which now and then over powered them.—They were both ready, very early,

early, to appear, and as they quitted their chamber a good while before their mother uſually was ſtirring, they walked in the garden, and would have thoroughly enjoyed the ſweet breath of the morning, if the agitation of their minds, had not rendered them unaffected by its fragrance.—The beautiful parterre ſcarce attracted their eyes; the warblings in the air around them, ſcarce made any impreſſion on their ears; they walked up and down, in ſocial ſilence, (if I may be allowed to bring thoſe words ſo cloſely together) each ruminating on her own anxieties; though in their then ſituation, Bell had certainly the moſt reaſon to be uneaſy.—Clara, however, though ſhe was told every day, that Burnaby was on the mending hand, filled herſelf with fears for his recovery, and ſuſpected her mother of amuſing her with flattering accounts, becauſe ſhe was not permitted to ſee him, and behaved with far more impropriety than her ſiſter, whoſe ſituation

was

was truly diſquieting, as no-body about her could relieve her from the ſuſpenſe ſhe was in with regard to the Colonel.—From the principal lines in the characters of the two ſiſters, and from the difference of their tempers, a more compoſed carriage, might have been expected from Clara, in her circumſtances, and a greater degree of impatience in Bell, under her embarraſſments; but love often makes a great alteration in our diſpoſitions, and, when we are under the guidance of that ruling paſſion, the motions of a weather-cock, are not more uncertain than the movements of our thoughts.—As Clara was of a mild temper, and not apt to fly out into violent expreſſions, ſhe frequently ſurpriſed her ſiſter, who looked upon her, when ſh e went to Freak-Park, ther as a tame character, and not at all liable to be robbed of her tranquility, by common occurrences; nor indeed was ſhe robbed of it by ſuch occurrences, but there muſt be ſome allowances made for the

the operations of love.—Bell was as heartily in the turtle-way as her ſiſter, but inſtead of animating her, under her diſappointment, to lively ſallies of vexation, and violence of language, it deprived her of her vivacity, and gave her a matronly appearance before ſhe was entitled to it. —How oddly the tender paſſion plays upon different people, and upon the ſame perſon at different times!—Bell came to town almoſt diſtracted with the diſappointment ſhe had met with, through Lady Freak's treachery, and mad with impatience to have the Colonel acquainted with the true motives for her behaviour to him; but when Burnaby had undertaken to forward the letter to him, which ſhe had brought back with her, ſhe waited for the probable conſequences of its arrival at Sir Joſeph's, with a becoming tranquility; ſhe was anxious indeed, for her lover's anſwer to Mr. Burnaby's letter; but her anxiety did not occaſion any extravagancies in her deportment.

Clara,

Clara, on the contrary, though morally certain, that her lover was recovering a-pace, and though ſhe had, when ſhe thought his life in danger, delicately refrained from gratifying her curioſity, now grew extremely unquiet, frequently pictured him in his laſt moments, and by the force of imagination, threw herſelf into fits of ſorrow, which aſtoniſhed every body about her.—This part of Clara's behaviour, may by ſome haſty readers be deemed unnatural.—" This is too ſtrong—*outreè*—abſurd"—Conſiſtent characters are never met with in real life, and it is from real life, that the characters in theſe volumes are drawn.

Mrs. Drayton, like a worthy woman, and a valuable mother, comforted her daughters as much as ſhe could; ſhe had not much trouble with Bell, but poor Clara, ſometimes vexed her horribly, by giving the reins to fancy, and turning away from her lips the cup of conſolation.—

tion.—She did not however vex her mother long, for in a few days a card came from Mr. Burnaby, which gave a new turn to her thoughts, and produced a ſcene of the tendereſt kind.

CHAP. II.

Mrs. Drayton carries Clara to viſit her lover.

THE card which gave a new turn to Clara's thoughts, and diſſipated her vexations, arrived in the evening; truſty Thomas brought it, and made the whole family happy, by the anſwers which he returned to the enquiries after his maſter's health, of whom he ſpoke, more like a ſon than a ſervant.—Burnaby had many oddneſſes, but they were rather amiable than otherwiſe; for they always prompted him to laudable actions. When a man is beloved by his domeſtics, you may

may ſafely ſet him down for a good maſter.—One of his oddities was a ſtrong deſire to make thoſe who laboured in his ſervice pleaſed with their ſituation, by the humanity of his behaviour, and to render it worth their while to perform all the duties of their ſtation.

The moſt ſenſible girls have their whims, and Clara was not free from them.—She deſired to put her lover's card under her pillow, and her mother readily indulged ſo innocent a requeſt, but not without ſmiling at the earneſtneſs with which ſhe made it.—Whether it was owing to the compoſure of her mind, or to the ſituation of her lover's card, I will not determine, but it is certain, that Clara never ſlept ſo ſweetly in her life.

In the morning ſhe roſe happy in herſelf, and pleaſed with her proſpects.—After breakfaſt, ſhe and her mother ſet out in a carriage to —— ſtreet. Mrs. Drayton

Drayton only intended to ſpend the morning with him, and to return to dinner.—Bell, when ſhe took leave of her ſiſter, ſighed; and Clara, from the natural goodneſs of her heart, pitied her.—"Do not make yourſelf too uneaſy, my dear Bell, ſaid ſhe, for it is very likely, that I ſhall hear about the Colonel, at Mr. Burnaby's, and I hope I ſhall put you into better ſpirits, when I come back to you."

"You are very kind, my dear Clara, ſaid ſhe, to expreſs yourſelf in this manner, but I am afraid that my ſpirits will not be raiſed in a hurry."—They waved their hands at each other, and the carriage drove away.

It was ſettled before the departure of Clara and her mother, that Bell ſhould fill up the hours till their return, with their lively neighbour Mrs. Allen, to her therefore Bell went, as ſoon as the carriage was out of ſight.

Clara,

Clara, though ſhe was highly delighted with her little excurſions, and felt the palpitations of her tender heart increaſe, as ſhe approximated to her lover's apartments, could not help feeling for her ſiſter, and wiſhing that ſhe was as much pleaſed with her ſituation.—"It is very lucky, however, Madam, ſaid Clara, that Colonel Freeman is ſo intimately acquainted with Mr. Burnaby, becauſe there will ſoon be, in all probability, an end to my ſiſter's ſuſpence, whatever alteration her miſtaken behaviour has occaſioned in him." "It is ſo, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, and I fully expect to find an anſwer to Mr. Burnaby's letter."

By thus chatting all the way, the carriage ſtopped, before they thought they had been in it long enough to finiſh half their ride.—Thomas, having waited for them a great while, by the orders of his impatient maſter, was ready at the

door, and handed out Mrs. Drayton and Clara with as much pleaſure, as if he was himſelf deeply intereſted in the approaching interview.

When Mrs. Drayton entered the room, followed by Clara, Burnaby was ſitting in his eaſy chair, very neatly dreſſed, but in his cap, gown, and ſlippers.—Clara, at the ſight of him, ſo much in the trim of an invalid, ſtarted.—He roſe ſlowly from his ſeat, and made many apologies to them both, for not advancing to meet them with his uſual alacrity.—"My dear Miſs Drayton, ſaid he to Clara, I hope you will favour me with your hand."—Clara, modeſtly gave it him, and he ſaluted her.—"I am not quite the man I was, before my affair with Lord George, continued he, but I hope to be ſoon as well as ever.—Do not look ſo diſmal, my dear, at the mention of his Lordſhip's name; (for Clara was ready to burſt into tears at hearing it) forget all that is paſt, and think

think only of the preſent time.—I was ſorry to diſappoint you, but my honour was at ſtake. His Lordſhip intended, no doubt, to diſconcert our meaſures, and he did; but though he has delayed my wedding-day, he has not made me leſs ſolicitous for its arrival; I am rather more deſirous to have it over.—Come, my dear Miſs Drayton, be chearful, and believe that my attachment to you, is ſtronger than it was before I received my wound."

At the word wound, a train of horrid ideas roſe up in Clara's mind, and in ſpite of all Burnaby's endeavours, to make her think only of the preſent time, ſhe could not exclude a thouſand diſagreeable thoughts which memory revived.

Mrs. Drayton, ſeeing her almoſt ready to ſink under the revival of her anxieties, took her by the hand, and in the mildeſt, moſt affectionate manner ſaid, "You

have no reaſon, my dear, to look ſo unhappy now—Mr. Burnaby is, you ſee, in good ſpirits, and encourages you to appear rather with ſmiles than tears.—You have had cauſe enough, I allow, to be alarmed for his ſafety, but thank G—d, you need not be under any apprehenſions about it at preſent, therefore, pray, my dear, be comforted, and conſider how much ſatisfaction Mr. Burnaby's recovery ought to give you."

"It does, it does, madam, ſaid Clara, give me the greateſt ſatisfaction. O, Sir, continued Clara to her lover, I have ſpent many miſerable hours on your account."

"I am convinced, my dear Miſs Drayton, from the amiableneſs of your diſpoſition, and tenderneſs of your heart, that you have ſpent many ſuch hours on my account. You flatter me by ſaying ſo; and I can truly ſay, that I would not go

go through the ſenſations which I felt on yours, when I was forced to break my appointment with you, for the univerſe. —I do not boaſt of my ſenſibility, but I do aſſure you, that the pains which I felt, when I reflected on your ſituation, were far leſs ſupportable, than thoſe which the nature of mine neceſſarily occaſioned, though attended by one of the moſt ſkilful and humane ſurgeons in England.—You have endeared yourſelf greatly to me, by the concern which you have expreſſed for my health, and I ſhall deſerve to be ranked among the brutes of my own ſpecies, if I do not ſtudy in every ſhape to promote your happineſs."

This ſpeech, of Burnaby's, the tendereſt which had ever fallen from his lips, for he was not given to the melting mood, cauſed a very agreeable change in Clara's countenance, diſpelled the glooms which recollection had ſpread over it, and brightened all her features.—She appeared

with ſo different an aſpect, that her lover was remarkably ſtruck with it, and ſeizing her hand with a kind of rapture, "Now, my dear Miſs Drayton, cried he, you make me quite happy; I ſee by the ſmiles which play about your face, that what I have ſaid, is not unpleaſing to you.—I never was ſo happy in my life."

Were I to mention every word which paſſed at this morning-viſit, between Mr. Burnaby, Mrs. Drayton, and Clara, I ſhould be too circumſtantial for the rapid readers of the preſent age, who are more fond of incident, than converſation. There is a minuteneſs which pleaſes readers of a particular caſt; but minuteneſs in love matters is generally tireſome and diſguſting.—Clara never appeared to ſo much advantage in the eyes of Burnaby, and Burnaby's improved behaviour to Clara, made him ſo agreeable to her, that ſhe was altogether ſatisfied with his *douæceurs*,

of

of which he had never been ſo liberal before.

When the converſation which ſuch an interview naturally produced, grew leſs particular, and more general, Burnaby ordered chocolate to be brought. While they were drinking it, Mrs. Drayton aſked him if he had received any anſwer from Colonel Freeman. What reply, Burnaby made to this queſtion the inquiſitive reader will find in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Converſation continued.—Viſit concluded.

"ODSO, cried, Burnaby, I have been ſo much taken up with my own affairs, that I never once thought of my friend Freeman; and ſo charmingly engaged with this amiable girl (taking hold of Clara's hand) that I quite forgot to enquire after her ſiſter.—But, continued he, turning to Mrs. Drayton, have you not ſeen the Colonel?"

"No, Sir, ſaid Mrs. Drayton.—We left poor Bell in a wretched way about him."

"Ay, indeed, ſaid Clara, ſo we did; and I am ſure it made my heart ach to ſee my ſiſter ſo unhappy, when I had ſo much reaſon to be otherwiſe."

"I am

"I am ſurpriſed, Madam, ſaid Burnaby, that Freeman has not been with you. In a note which he ſtruck off in a violent hurry, immediately on the receipt of my letter, and which his own ſervant delivered to me, he fixed this day for his arrival at C——, and in a few words convinced me, that there is not at this moment in England a happier man than himſelf.—You will like him, I know, though you never ſaw him, for a ſon-in-law, for he is a moſt amiable character; and as you have both heard ſo much about each other, you will ſoon be acquainted in the moſt agreeable manner imaginable. He is an honeſt fellow, and will, if I have any ſkill in characters, make an excellent huſband. I'll read you his note—here it is—ſhort, but extremely to the purpoſe." "Dear Burnaby—A thouſand thanks for your kind letter—I am in paradiſe—Lady Freak is a devil in petticoats—I am too much

tranſported to write much. I intend to be at C—— next Tueſday, and when I have ſeen the ſweet creature who has been ſo ill uſed, will do myſelf the pleaſure of thanking you in perſon, for your good offices on this, to me, moſt intereſting occaſion."—" There Madam, there Miſs Drayton, is it not at once copious and conciſe?"

Mrs. Drayton and Clara both agreed, that the Colonel had crowded a great deal of meaning into a very narrow compaſs, and were highly delighted with him for the joy which he diſcovered at having promoted the happineſs of his friend.

" The Colonel, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, is indeed Sir, a happy man in having you for a friend, and I hope his connections with my family will never make him otherwiſe.—Well, my dear Mr. Burnaby, you muſt excuſe the emotions of a mother, which urge me ſtrongly to return

turn to Bell:—I left her wretched, but from what you have communicated, there is room to expect an agreeable alteration in her."

"You cannot, Madam, replied Burnaby, wish for such an alteration in her, with more earnestness than I do.—And though I should be glad of your company longer, I cannot help being very desirous to know whether the Colonel has been at C—— to-day, to which place I shall gladly repair myself, as soon as I have permission to go abroad; and till I have it, the time will be very tedious.—I grow restless in my confinement and your visit, continued he, fixing his eyes tenderly on Clara, will make me more so."

Clara's looks were not void of tenderness in return; they were particularly expressive, and made her lover almost ready to forget his situation, and follow her

into the ſtreet. While ſhe was going down ſtairs with her mother, he made a ſhift to hobble to the window, and watched the laſt motion of her fair hand from the carriage, with an eagerneſs in his countenance, which plainly diſcovered that ſhe was miſtreſs of his heart.

CHAP. IV.

Shewing what paſſed at Mrs. Drayton's houſe at C——, during her viſit, with Clara, to Mr. Burnaby.

SOON after Mrs. Drayton's departure, Colonel Freeman arrived at her houſe, and enquiring about the family, was diſconcerted at not finding any body at home. Being however very particular in his queſtions concerning Miſs Bell Drayton, the ſervant gave him a great deal of pleaſure, by telling him that ſhe was

was at a neighbour's not a great many doors off.

"Will you be ſo kind, ſaid he, as to inform your young lady that a gentleman would be glad to ſpeak with her on ſome particular buſineſs?" The ſervant never having ſeen the Colonel before, was rather at a loſs how to act: "You ſeem not to know what to do, child, continued he, but you may let me into the parlour very ſafely: however, if you have any ſuſpicions (ſlipping half a crown into her hand) I will ſtay in the paſſage till you come back." "Suſpicions! ſaid the maid, O no, God bleſs you, Sir, pray walk into the parlour: I'll run to my young miſtreſs in a minute." Upon this the Colonel entered the room, and amuſed himſelf with ſome very elegant drawings, while Mrs. Abigail executed the commiſſion which ſhe was charged with.

Bell,

Bell, ſeeing her running towards Mrs. Allen's almoſt out of breath, was afraid that her mother and ſiſter had met with an accident, and communicated her fears to her friend, who was not at all of a diſpoſition to encourage them.—"No, no, my dear, ſaid Mrs. Allen, don't give way to ſuch a ſtrange notion." Mrs. Mary was now at the parlour door. "Well Mary, ſaid Bell, in a hurry, what brings you here in ſuch a heat? What's the matter?"—"O, Madam, ſaid Mary, there's a charming gentleman in the parlour at home, all over gold, who ſays he would be vaſtly proud to ſpeak a word or two to you. I never ſeed him before, but he is a fine gentleman to be ſure."

Bell, though ſhe had no ſort of averſion to a fine gentleman, was not quite ſo mad as to fly out of the houſe to a ſtranger; ſhe longed, however, to ſee who was ſo particularly deſirous of ſpeaking

ing with her, and begged Mrs. Allen to accompany her, " With all my heart, ſaid Mrs. Allen, I like to ſee a ſmart fellow as well as any body; and ſo my dear, *Allons!*"—As ſoon as the laſt word was out of her mouth, away they tripped arm in arm: the widow went merely out of curioſity and decorum with her young friend, but Bell was quite in a twitter, and felt odd ſenſations upon the occaſion. If Mary had deſcribed the charming gentleman as a ſoldier, 'tis probable that Bell might have expected to ſee the Colonel; but as ſhe had not the leaſt expectations of that ſort, ſhe went home full of wonder.—" You ſeem, Bell, ſaid the widow, as they went along, to be in a violent fuſs about this man—ſuppoſe now it ſhould be the Colonel?"---" O la, ſaid ſhe, I am afraid to flatter myſelf that he is the perſon who wants to ſee me."---" Well, my dear, ſaid the widow, whoever he is, he muſt be a lover, that's plain, I think, by his manner of proceed-

ceeding." --- "I don't know what to think, replied Bell, but I feel myſelf queeriſh."

When they came near the houſe, Bell ſaw the Colonel's head over the ſaſh in the parlour, and ſtarting with joy, turned to the widow with a ſpirited motion, and ſaid, "You have an excellent gueſs, 'tis he."---"I am glad of it, replied the widow, but I have no buſineſs to go any farther with you, and ſo"---"Nay, nay, ſaid Bell, finding ſhe was really inclined to return, I deſire you won't think of leaving me juſt at this time. Beſides, I want to have your opinion of the Colonel."

They were at the door: Bell knocked with great impatience; for as the Colonel's eyes had met her's before ſhe came cloſe to it, ſhe diſcovered in them ſomething which portended an allay to the pleaſure which they at firſt ſight raiſed in her.---

On

On her entrance, however, into the parlour, his approach to her was ſo graceful, ſo delicately familiar, and there appeared in his whole deportment ſuch an expreſſion of joy at the renewal of his addreſſes to her, that ſhe thought ſhe had been miſtaken, and by the corrected freedom of her behaviour, convinced him, that ſhe felt herſelf very happy in being the object of his attention.

"My dear Miſs Drayton, ſaid the Conel, taking her gently by the hand, and gazing on her in the tendereſt manner, it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the joy which I at this inſtant feel, by the diſcovery which has been made of Lady Freak's envious and malicious diſpoſition. I am now no longer at a loſs to account for the coolneſs of your behaviour to me; but even with all your coolneſs, there appeared alſo a concern for me in your countenance, which, while it froze my hopes, flattered my vanity: I could not help

help fancying, that I was of ſome conſequence in your eyes, though I could in no way conceive, why all my little aſſiduities to make myſelf ſo, ceaſed, on a ſudden, to be favourably received.—My friend Burnaby's letter made me the happieſt man in England, and this is the firſt opportunity I have had ſince, to aſſure you that my eſteem for you is conſiderably increaſed, by the propriety of your carriage to me, at a time when I certainly appeared very unworthy of your regard.—I am juſt the ſame man I was when you firſt gave me reaſon to believe, that my addreſſes were not diſagreeable to you; and if you retain the ſentiments which you had for me, before you was artfully prejudiced againſt me, my happineſs will be complete: you are indeed ſo neceſſary to my happineſs, that I ſhall be a miſerable being if you have, for want of being acquainted with my real character, tranſferred your affections to another.—If you have diſpoſed of your heart, Miſs Dray-

ton,

ton, continued he, in a ſoftened tone, I will learn to bear my cruel lot with patience, but your image will be always deeply engraven on mine."

Bell, though not ſo tender-hearted as her ſiſter, nor ſo apt to be affected by the mollifying paſſions of human nature, was touched by the latter part of the Colonel's ſpeech—ſhe was moved—ſhe was melted—ſhe wanted words to expreſs her feelings: ſhe looked at him with a lovely languor, bluſhing and confuſed. "O! Colonel, ſaid ſhe, with a faint and tremulous voice, what a happy meeting is this for me!"—Having murmured out theſe words, her head ſunk upon his boſom. So tender an attitude fired him to rapture, and, while he hung over her enamoured, the ſatisfaction he felt broke out in the moſt forcible language. "This, this, indeed is happineſs! Look up, my dear Miſs Drayton, and in my fond eyes read more, much more than—Such a meet-

meeting after all!—To hear you call it happy too!"—"I did call it ſo, Sir, ſaid Bell, raiſing her head, and I can with pleaſure repeat my words.—This lady knows how much I have ſuffered for your ſake, and will therefore not wonder at the felicity which almoſt overpowers me."

The Colonel, from the moment his miſtreſs entered the room, was ſo much attracted by her, and ſo delighted to ſee her after the efforts which hadbeen made to ſeparate them for ever as lovers, that her companion was quite overlooked.—His eyes were wholly directed to one object, and he knew not that there was a third perſon in the room: but if there had been a dozen people about him, his attention to Bell would have been the ſame; for he was one of thoſe men who idolize the women whom they love, and who pay no ſort of regard to others in the way of gallantry.—On the diſcovery there-

fore

fore of Mrs. Allen, he only noticed her with the politeneſs of a gentleman.—He neither made ſpeeches to her, nor found himſelf embarraſſed by her preſence: ſo far was he from being in the leaſt embarraſſed, that he grew more tranſported with his paſſion, and more animated in the delivery of his ſentiments.—"Can I love this dear girl too much, Madam? ſaid he, turning briſkly towards her.--Is not her whole behaviour in the higheſt degree engaging?---Can you be ſurpriſed to hear me ſay ſo?---O my dear, dear Miſs Drayton, continued he, without waiting for an anſwer to his interrogatories, let me hear your ſweet voice.---You have indeed told me, that this meeting makes you happy, but you ſeem diſpoſed to keep all your happineſs to yourſelf.---Pour out the effuſions of your heart without reſerve, and thereby make me more in love with you ---if you can --than I am at preſent."

"I can-

"I cannot love you more than I do, Sir, ſaid Bell, and I hope that I ſhall always deſerve to be loved as I am, in return."

"I am ſatisfied, my dear Miſs Drayton, ſaid the Colonel, that you love me as much as you can, but I am of ſo doating a diſpoſition myſelf, that a common declaration of love is not half ſtrong enough for me.---But we are not all equally affected with the ſame ſenſations, and I have not the worſe opinion of yours, becauſe you are not thrown by them into any extravagancies of language, and wildneſſes of behaviour.---All I deſire is, that you will make allowances for my flights and raptures, and believe that they ariſe not from an heated imagination, but an happy heart."

Bell was as much pleaſed with her lover for the vivacity of his ſallies, as for the warmth

warmth of his affection for her; but tho' ſhe was naturally of a lively temper, and able to make a ſmart figure in converſation, ſhe could not chat with him in her uſual ſtrain of ſprightlineſs; but ſhe was very happy, and gave him as much ſatisfaction by what ſhe ſaid, and by her manner of ſaying it, as if ſhe had appeared, by a hoydening hilarity, ready to jump upon his back, and to romp about the room with him;—like the common herd of gay girls, who, by their freedoms with the perſons of their lovers, manual dexterity, and bodily wit, very often counterwork their own deſigns, and increaſe the number of the neglected.

While the Colonel was enjoying the converſation of his miſtreſs, and rendering himſelf every way agreeable in her eyes, he ſaw his ſervant riding towards the houſe. — "Excuſe me, dear Miſs Drayton, ſaid he, for leaving the room ſo abruptly, but my impatience will not let

let me ſit ſtill. I expect a letter from London of ſome conſequence."—Having ſpoke thoſe words, he flew to the ſtreet-door, and took the letter from his ſervant before he alighted.

CHAP. V.

An affectionate ſcene, of a different kind from that in the foregoing chapter, occaſioned by the letter which the Colonel received from London.

THE Colonel re-entered the parlour with his letter opened in his hand, but with an alteration in his countenance, which alarmed Bell very much. "Bleſs me, Colonel ſaid ſhe, eagerly, what has happened to make you look ſo extremely grave?"—"Read this letter, Madam, replied he, with a ſigh, and gave it to her." She did ſo: ſtarted, turned pale, let it fall to the ground, and burſt into a flood of

of tears. "O! Colonel—what a blow is this? muſt we then part ſo ſoon?"

"We muſt, my amiable girl, but be not ſo deeply affected, for though I am ſummoned from hence in a hurry, I have reaſon to believe, that my abſence from England will not be long.—When I arrived here this morning, I came in the higheſt ſpirits, becauſe I had been aſſured, that the embarkation of our troops was laid aſide, but this letter from the War-office, requires my ſpeedy attendance there.—Happy, however, am I, in the midſt of this diſappointment, that we are mutually convinced of each others ſincerity, and that we have had time to exchange the ſentiments of our hearts.—I ſhall indeed tear myſelf away from you, with the greateſt reluctance, but—For G—d's ſake, cried he to Mrs. Allen,—ſeeing Bell juſt going to faint, help the dear angel, help me to relieve her—help me to make her bear this un-

expected ſtroke, without injuring her health, which is now more valuable to me than ever."—Mrs. Allen having rang for the ſervants, as ſoon as the Colonel exalted his voice for aſſiſtance, they both appeared, and ſoon reſtored Bell to her ſenſes, but they at the ſame time reſtored her to a more acute feeling of her ſituation.---The ſurpriſe at firſt ſtunned her; reflection now made her dwell on the contents of the letter which ſhe had read, and quickened the powers of utterance.--- With a wildneſs in her features, ſhe walked about the room with a diſturbed motion, every now and then, throwing up her eyes and lifted hands to heaven, and venting her ſorrows in the moſt nervous expreſſions, "Half an hour ago, ſaid ſhe, I was the happieſt woman in England, I am now the moſt wretched of my ſex.--- What a frightful change has a ſhort half hour produced?---And is there no way, continued ſhe to her lover, fondly leaning on his ſhoulder, to prevent

your

your voyage?"---"No way, my deareſt, replied he, with honour---I could ſell my commiſſion."---"That way, replied Bell, breaking from him, I ſcorn; dear as your life, dear as your company is to me, your honour, your reputation is more ſo. ---I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, if I felt the leaſt inclination, to deſire you to ſacrifice your honour to your love."

"I admire you more than ever, my dear girl, ſaid the Colonel, claſping her in his arms, for the nobleneſs of your ſentiments; nay, I revere you for them, and hope that you will by them be ſuſtained, during my compulſive abſence, (for while I do my duty as a ſoldier, I ſhall wiſh for an honourable concluſion of the campaign) and prevented from ſinking under the caprices of fortune."

"As our ſeparation is ſo ſudden, replied Bell, all my ſentiments will not be ſufficient to reconcile me to my unex-

pected, and moſt unenviable lot; but I will endeavour to make myſelf more worthy of your regard, by ſubmitting to that lot with a reſigned temper, and by conſidering that you are rendering yourſelf more worthy of mine.—Pray pardon my tears, continued ſhe, wiping her eyes—I bear this ſevere ſtroke as well as I can; but indeed if you knew the pangs which I ſuffer from my fears for your ſafety, you would pity my diſtreſs.—I try to behave decently, but when I think of the various dangers, to which you are going to be expoſed, both by ſea and land, my fortitude forſakes me.—Shall I not hear often from you?—Do, write as often as you can."

"That I will moſt certainly, my dear, ſaid he—time preſſes—how ſhall I bid you adieu?—Neceſſity urges, and muſt be obeyed.—My heart bleeds, when I ſay the word farewell, but—"

"O ſtay a little longer—do not go yet, ſaid Bell—I cannot part with you yet—perhaps I may never ſee you again—perhaps I may not—that thought diſtracts me—I ſhall run mad if I encourage it—my mind is all in confuſion, and I am full of the moſt alarming apprehenſions—Is it not a very dangerous voyage?"

"It is not reckoned ſo, my deareſt, ſaid the Colonel, quite otherwiſe; Liſbon voyages are remarkably ſafe, and extremely pleaſant, as well as expeditious.—Do not frighten yourſelf therefore, about the dangers of the ſea, nor about thoſe which may ariſe afterwards on ſhore. There are diſagreeable things enough happening in life every day; it is very fooliſh to multiply our uneaſineſſes by anticipation.—Therefore, my dear girl, let me intreat you to keep up your ſpirits during my abſence, and to believe, that I ſhall not ſee a happy day, 'till I return to your arms.—Adieu—adieu."

With theſe words he hurried out of the houſe, mounted his horſe, and rode off, without once looking back to that manſion, which contained all he held dear in this world, leſt a glance of tenderneſs might ſhake his reſolution, and make him unfit for the ſervice of the field.

CHAP. VI.

A Road-adventure.

SOON after the Colonel had ſtruck into the high London road, he met a ſmart poſt-chaiſe, with two ladies in it, attended by his friend Burnaby's favourite Thomas.—He had never ſeen either Mrs. Drayton or Clara, but Burnaby had deſcribed them both, in ſuch a manner to him, that he was ſure of his objects, and advanced towards them.—Thomas had, before he was near enough to pay his compli-

pliments, informed them of his approach, ſo that they ſaluted each other at firſt ſight, with as much eaſe and familiarity, as if they had been long acquainted.

When the Colonel had enquired after his friend's health, and received agreeable intelligence about him, Mrs. Drayton very politely mentioned how much ſhe was flattered by his addreſſes to her daughter Bell, and how glad ſhe was to find that matters had been cleared up to their mutual ſatisfaction.

"They are indeed cleared up, Madam, ſaid the Colonel, much to our mutual ſatisfaction;—your daughter is thoroughly amiable in my eyes, and is abſolutely neceſſary to my happineſs; but we are not yet deſtined to come together, to be inſeparably united.—I have been with her the greateſt part of this morning, and could be for ever by her ſide. You are uncommonly bleſt to have two ſuch

daughters, Madam, ſmiling at Clara, and my friend Burnaby and I ſhall be two of the happieſt huſbands in the world.—He will in all human probability, be ſo in a ſhort time; but fortune is not in ſuch a good humour with me.—You ſeem ſurpriſed, Ladies, to hear me talk in this way, but when you know how awkwardly, how diſagreeably I am ſituated, what I ſay will occaſion no kind of aſtoniſhment.—However, as Miſs Bell and I parted fully convinced that each was every thing to the other, I ſhall bear the cruel ſeparation from her, ſweet angel as ſhe is (excuſe this animated expreſſion, for I cannot mention her in common terms) with the more fortitude. To have been ſeparated from her, without that ſweet ſatisfaction, would have indeed rendered my duty as a ſoldier doubly undeſirable; but I now go, cheared with enlivening hopes, and ſhall wait, though with impatience, without repining, for the completion of my wiſhes.—I have not time

now,

now, Madam, to be more explicit, your daughter will acquaint you with the cauſe of my abrupt departure from her, and by ſo doing, ſuffciently recommend herſelf to your peculiar attention.---Comfort the dear creature, for ſhe wants to be comforted; and pity me, who am forced to leave her in a compaſſionable ſituation."

"Well, but Colonel—"

Mrs. Drayton uttered theſe three words, as ſoon as ſhe could get them out, at the cloſe of the Colonel's ſpeech, but he heard them not—he ſtaid not to hear them; he was afraid to truſt himſelf any longer in a parly with people ſo nearly related to his dear Bell; and indeed felt certain ſenſations in his breaſt, which moved him ſo much, that he found himſelf unable to proceed.—With the higheſt notions of honour, and a heart ſuſceptible of the tendereſt impreſſions, the amiable ſoldier was pulled a thouſand dif-

ferent ways at once, and while he ſtruggled with his oppoſing paſſions, endured agonies which are only to be felt by thoſe, who are diſtinguiſhed from the dregs of mankind, by the delicacy of their ideas, and the keenneſs of their feelings.

"I am very glad Madam, ſaid Clara, that my ſiſter and the Colonel have had an interview, and that he ſpeaks ſo affectionately about her; but I cannot conceive what he means by being ſeparated from her.—Surely, Lord George, determined to give every part of our family uneaſineſs, has not been contriving?"

"O no, child, no, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, you have ſtrange notions; but the Colonel indeed did throw out odd hints, with regard to his ſituation.—I muſt enquire a little whether Thomas knows any thing of the Colonel's new engagements."

Thomas

Thomas was accordingly called up to the chaiſe-window, and cloſely queſtioned; but he was queſtioned to no purpoſe.—Burnaby had not been acquainted with the Portugal-affair, and conſequently Thomas was quite in the dark about it.

"Well, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, there was certainly ſomething myſterious in the Colonel's behaviour, but, as he referred us to your ſiſter for an explanation of it, we ſhall ſoon be out of our ſuſpence."

"I wiſh Madam, we may not, at the ſame time, be more pained than pleaſed by the communication of Bell's intelligence. —I am afraid, that the poor girl is not happy, from the haſte with which her lover left us, and the ambiguity in his converſation concerning her. He ſaid, if you remember Madam, that he was awkwardly, and diſagreeably ſituated;— there

is an obſcurity always in expreſſions of this kind, that rather give one room to expect ſomething, which one would not wiſh to find. For my part, I am quite uneaſy about my ſiſter, and almoſt dread to hear the Colonel's reaſons for the embaraſſment which he felt at his departure from her."

"Well, my dear, we are now very near home, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, and I own, that I expect to find poor Bell in a bad way."

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Drayton appears to great advantage, in the character of a mother.

MRS. Drayton found Bell as ſhe expected, in a bad way; the attitude in which ſhe found her, was ſtrongly expreſſive of diſappointment and diſquiet.—She was ſitting on the ſofa, with her arms croſſed, one hand holding a letter, and her eyes fixed on the floor,—abſorbed in thought,—the very picture of deſpair.—So profound was her reverie, that the carriage ſtopped without her having heard it, or ſeen it; nor did the entrance of her mother and ſiſter into the parlour, move her from the melancholy poſture in which ſhe ſat;—ſhe knew not that they were in the room, till her mother, taking her by the hand, moſt tenderly aſked her, what made her mournful.—Startled at the queſtion, ſhe raiſed her

her eyes from the ground, to which they were rivetted, like one ſuddenly awakened from a dream in the dead of night, directed them full at her mother, took them away again, without ſpeaking a ſyllable, fetched a deep ſigh, and threw them down upon the place, from whence ſhe had raiſed them.—On her mother's repeating her requeſt with earneſtneſs, and a more audible voice, ſhe looked at her, her eyes ſwimming in tears, gave her the letter, and ſaid, "O my dear mother, I am very wretched; indeed, indeed I am."—As Mrs. Drayton had a great deal of tenderneſs in her diſpoſition, and had been prepared to expect new domeſtic diſtreſſes, the few words which her daughter uttered, as they were uttered in a manner particularly affecting, went inſtantly to her heart.—Clara ſympathized, and did violence to her ſenſibility, by checking her tears, leſt ſhe ſhould increaſe her mother's anxiety.

At the firſt ſight of the ſuperſcription, to the Colonel, Mrs. Drayton could not help immediately recollecting Clara's ſurmiſe about Lord George, but the contents of the letter, though they ſilenced her alarms from that quarter, quickened all her maternal feelings, and made her very miſerable.---Such a ſwift tranſition from pleaſure to pain, was not without much difficulty to be borne; but ſhe exerted herſelf as well as ſhe could, to comfort the daughter.

" It is very unlucky, my dear Bell, to be ſure, that the Colonel is called away from us juſt when things are in ſo agreeable a train, but as you have no reaſon to doubt his attachment to you, and as he has promiſed to write to you as often as he can ſeize an opportunity, I hope you will endeavour to compoſe your mind, and not, by dwelling on the darkſide of the cloud, hurt your own health, and render

render every body who has a regard for you unhappy.—Clara and I will do all in our power to amuſe you during the Colonel's abſence;—therefore, do, my dear Bell, throw off this gloomy air, and appear with your uſual chearfulneſs.—From the Colonel's character, of which I have received the moſt ſatisfactory account from Mr. Burnaby, you may, I am fully perſwaded, depend upon his honour, and from what you yourſelf have told me, his love for you is ſufficiently flattering, to make you eaſy about the continuance of it."

"You talk to Miſs Bell, Madam, ſaid Mrs. Allen, quite in a proper way, and I hope ſhe will pay a due regard to what you have been ſaying, to chear her ſpirits, which are terribly low.—I have taken a great deal of pains to enliven her, and heartily wiſhed for your arrival, for I was abſolutely moped to death, to ſee ſuch diſmal doings; but after all, I cannot wonder

wonder at her neither; this naſty war makes ſad work in private families, and I ſhall be ſincerely rejoiced when the fighting is over."

Theſe lively effuſions of Mrs. Allen's, contributed more, than the ſerious endeavours of Mrs. Drayton and Clara, to raiſe Bell's drooping ſpirits;—they gave a new turn both to her features, and her ideas, and her good mother, following the widow's vivacious manner of adminiſtering conſolation, found it very ſucceſsful.

"Beſides, ſaid the widow, we are not yet ſure, that the Colonel will really go abroad,—and therefore, ſeem to be too ſoon fluttered about it—while the great folks are ſquabbling, things may be put upon another footing;—how many expeditions violently talked of, have come to nothing—you are none of you, I ſee, clever politicians."

This

This ſpeech of Mrs. Allen's was extremely well received, and made the faces of her companions appear to the greateſt advantage, by dreſſing them in ſmiles.—Bell not only ſmiled at the pleaſantry of it, but extracted great comfort from it, and her friends about her ſaid every thing to encourage the admiſſion of agreeable conjectures.

"*A pro pos*, my dear, ſaid the widow, you have a fair opportunity to inform yourſelf of the Colonel's motions, by ſending the letter after him which he left upon the table."

Bell brightened at the hint.—"My dear, ſaid Mrs. Drayton, if you will put the Colonel's letter under a cover, it ſhall be ſent away directly to him."—"You are very kind, Madam, replied ſhe, to contribute ſo readily to make my ſituation leſs irkſome," and proceeded to an employ-

employment which filled her with pleaſing thoughts: ſhe wrote a few lines in the cover, ſealed it up, and directed it to Colonel Freeman.—When ſhe had wrote his name, ſhe ſtopped—and was diſconcerted, for ſhe knew not his *Addreſſe:* He had been too much affected by the joy at his arrival, and the concern at his departure, to think of mentioning the place of his abode in town, and ſhe had been too much agitated by the ſame paſſions, to enquire about it.—In this ſuſpence, therefore, ſhe did not know how to finiſh the ſuperſcription which ſhe had begun.—Luckily for her, in the midſt of her embarraſſment, the Colonel's ſervant came galloping back for the letter which his maſter had left, to whom ſhe delivered it, and and from whom ſhe learnt that her lover lodged in the ſame ſtreet with Mr. Burnaby. This circumſtance, tho' ſeemingly trifling, gave her a great deal of pleaſure. Thoſe who are heartily in love,

love, have a peculiar ſet of pleaſures and pains, with which others, not ſo in love, are utterly unacquainted. Of the above little circumſtance, ſuch only will ſee the importance.

CHAP. VIII.

An evening at Ranelagh.

BELL. received the following morning a note from the Colonel, in anſwer to hers, which gave her as much ſatisfaction as the ſituation of his affairs would permit her to enjoy; for he re-aſſured her in it of his unalterable attachment to her, and renewed his promiſes to write to her by the firſt pacquet after his arrival at Liſbon, for his voyage to which place he was making all neceſſary preparations without delay.

In

In the afternoon Mrs. Allen called on her neighbour Drayton, with a very ſmart couſin, a captain in the guards, to deſire her to let them take her daughters to Ranelagh. Mrs. Drayton, who was always ready to give her daughters pleaſure, and thinking that Bell, particularly, might be amuſed there, conſented at once to the projected ſcheme.—Some curious fire-works were to be exhibited, and a great deal of company would certainly be preſent at the exhibition. Without ſuch an allurement, however, Clara and Bell would have been induced, by the agreeableneſs of their party, to attend them to that elegant aſſembly.—Ranelagh is not a place to raiſe one's ſpirits on a thin night, but it may be alſo too crowded to exhilarate even thoſe who can bear not a little ſqueezing.—Clara and Bell were neither of them diſſipated enough to enter thoroughly into the gaiety of the ſcenes around them, but they were, however, diverted by the variety of ſtaring objects which

which paſſed them, and which they met. —As they were both engaged, they had nothing to do but to make obſervations on the girls who ſet themſelves off in order to be ſo; and with the aſſiſtance of Mrs. Allen, who, at all public places, was as ſharp as a needle, they ſauntered through the night without complaining of any fatigue. The Captain, by the vivacity of his remarks, and the ſprightlineſs of his general converſation, rendered alſo the evening exceſſively agreeable to his couſin and her companions, to whom he attached himſelf all the time; and as he was a very handſome fellow, drew upon them a thouſand kind glances from their own ſex. Not a few of thoſe girls who thought him a "charming man," like his brother Cupid, in Dodſley's Poems, could not help, as often as they ſailed by, dropping certain expreſſions, which diſcovered the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of proud ſpite and burning envy, emphatically delivered, and not in the ſofteſt key.—The widow

widow and her companions had the infinite pleaſure to hear their figures, faces, and flounces, equally criticiſed, their dreſſes from head to foot deſcanted upon, and their perſons taken to pieces with a malicious exactneſs.—Every feature afforded matter for malevolence to work upon, and every fold in their cloaths was a feaſt for their curious friends. They enjoyed the kind glances, the gentle expreſſions, the good-natured remarks, and the candid criticiſms, which they ſaw and heard, becauſe they thought themſelves rather complimented than affronted by them: and they certainly did not think amiſs, for if they had not been really objects of admiration, and perfectly well-dreſſed, they might have walked round and round in the Ranelagh-mill, till they had been ready to ſink to the floor, unnoticed, unabuſed. But where is the girl who would chuſe to walk there upon ſuch conditions?

While

While they were taking their coffee, a fine girl, but very fantaſtically dreſſed, attracted the notice of the ladies: their attention was doubly excited by the perſonages who accompanied her, for ſhe walked with prodigious primneſs between a bluff-looking old gentleman, ſomething *en militaire*, with a black brigadier wig, and a Bardolphian countenance, and a venerable female figure, with her head moſt delightfully coiffed, frizzled, and be-ribboned. — Three ſuch figures were too ſtriking not to attract the eyes of every body who beheld them, and they afforded perhaps more converſation than any trio in the place. The bluffneſs of the one, the demureneſs of the other, and the odd kind of ridiculous gay-gravity of the third, occaſioned great ſpeculation among the various ſorts of people politely congregated; and a general buzz of "ſtrange figures, odd folks, frightful creatures, horrid animals," ſufficiently proved,

proved, that they were looked upon as beings of an uncommon ſtamp.

"Bleſs me, ſaid Bell, what a droll group there is juſt gone by us; I never, I think, ſaw three more curious objects."

"You ſay very right, Madam, ſaid the Captain, and if you knew their characters, you would think them ſtill more droll, and too *outrées* for the ſtage. I have the honour to be acquainted with ſome parts of their private hiſtory."

"O then, for G--d's ſake, ſaid the widow, let us have all the anecdotes you can about them, for I am ſure they muſt be extremely entertaining."

"I don't know, replied her couſin, whether you and theſe ladies will be entertained by them, but I will venture to ſay that they will divert you."

"Well--pray make no more introductory ſpeeches, but tell us all that you have heard about them, for I long to--- but ſtay a little--they are marching this way; when they have paſſed us, you may proceed as ſoon as you pleaſe, for one would not ſhock them to their faces; and, I imagine, that what you intend to communicate, would not be quite agreeable to their ears."

"You are extremely tender, indeed Mrs. Allen, ſaid the Captain, but when people carry their ſingularities with them into public, they become proper objects enough for ridicule, or a little harmleſs mirth, at leaſt, and will always be treated with more familiarity than thoſe who have nothing particular in their manners or appearance.—But to the point—I beg pardon, Ladies, for rambling into reflections, inſtead of gratifying your curioſity."

The

The Ladies, to whom he apologized for his digreſſing into ſentiment, when they were wiſhing for deſcription and information, convincing him by their ſmiles, that they did not like him at all the worſe for ſtarting a very juſt remark, though in a place rather more calculated for ſenſation than reflection, he thus went on.

"Theſe three ſtriking perſonages—for they are not like common perſons—are the Youngs of ———ſhire; father, mother, and daughter—as curious a little corps as ever exiſted—inſeparable companions—you always ſee them together."

"Oh, prepoſterous! cried the widow, I pity the poor girl, to be always tied to the old folks—ſhe is really a good figure, and would look very well, if ſhe was not dreſſed ſo unlike every body elſe.—Every eye in the room is attracted

by the choice of her cloaths, and the diſpoſition of all her things."

Clara and Bell were both of the widow's opinion, and thought that ſhe would have been more admired, if ſhe had taken leſs pains to be ſo.

They then entered into a cloſe examination of her dreſs from head to foot, and if they had not been told that ſhe was in the company of her papa and her mamma, would have very compoſedly ſet her down for a nymph of the Venereal train, attended by a bully and a bawd.—But the account which the Captain gave of her and her family, excluded all ſuch conjectures, to which, however, they were not unnaturally led from their exteriors.

" The Youngs, are perhaps, continued the Captain, the very oddeſt people this day in England.—Whether indeed

Miſs

Miſs Young would be ſo remarkable as ſhe is in her carriage, were ſhe free to act in the manner ſhe liked, I cannot ſay: but as all her looks, words, and actions are entirely regulated by her parents, ſhe is more to be pitied than blamed, upon the whole, I think, for the ſingularities of her appearance, which may, with great propriety, be attributed to thoſe who conduct her education."

"Upon my word, Captain, ſaid the widow, you excuſe Miſs Young's ſingularities ſo prettily, and with ſo much good nature, that I am apt to believe you have a ſort of inclination there."

"With all your penetration, my dear couſin, you are out, I aſſure you, ſaid the Captain.—But were I ever ſo much ſmitten with her, I ſhould never find an opportunity to make my addreſſes to her in form, for ſhe is watched with as much vigilance as if ſhe was a Princeſs, ſuſpect-

ed of having a *penchant*, to degrade herſelf by marrying a man with not a drop of blood-royal in his veins: and one would really imagine, by old Young's extreme caution about his daughter's behaviour, and his violent care to keep us young fellows from approaching her with the leaſt faſhionable freedom, that he thought nobody under an Highneſs had any pretenſions to an alliance with his houſe. The higher a man is in rank, the more is his company permitted, but without a title, no man has any chance to be well received."

"Why truly, ſaid the widow, you paint this poor girl's dragon in a formidable light: but there are times, I ſhould imagine, when all his vigilance might be eluded.—Did you never dance with her?"

"Dance with her!—no, no—nor nobody elſe ever does."

"Why,

"Why, I have heard of her being at all aſſemblies: what does ſhe at them without dancing?"

"Why ſhe dances with---"

"Poo, you trifle---you ſaid juſt now, that nobody ever dances with her."

"Nobody but her father.---He would not, for the world, ſuffer her to walk a minuet with any creature breathing, I believe, ſo afraid is he of having any liberties taken with her, even in that moſt decent of all dances.---As for country-dancing---'tis an abomination not to be named."

The Captain uttered theſe laſt words with ſo droll an accent, and accompanied his words with ſuch arch looks, that his female hearers could not help burſting into a loud laugh.

"Of all the men in the univerſe, ſaid Bell, old Young is to be ſure, the moſt ridiculous."

"He is ſo, replied the Captain, and Mrs. Young, his amiable moiety, is not leſs ſo.—For ſhe is as fooliſhly afraid of her daughter's getting into wrong connections (as ſhe is always talking to her) and contributes full as much as her huſband, to render the life of a child, on whom they certainly doat to diſtraction, in a thouſand ſhapes diſagreeable: for I have too good an opinion of Miſs Young's underſtanding (ſhe does not want ſenſe, Ladies, though your looks call it in queſtion) to ſuppoſe that ſhe can poſſibly reliſh the reſtrictions, under which ſhe is carried to all public places, and the tantalizing manner in which ſhe is treated, with the pleaſures of the town."

Here,

Here, as the Youngs were within his hearing, the Captain ſtopped; and as his company ſhewed ſome ſigns of being ſatisfied with the refreſhments they had received, and a deſire to mix with the medley of mortals in their circular movements, he eſcorted them into the field of diſſipation, and by the ſpirited appearance which he made with them, increaſed the happineſs of the evening.

"I ſuppoſe ſhe'll play gold now, as her huſband's a commiſſary." "La! what luck ſome people have."—"Hold up your head, Betty, and mind the quality."—"I wonder how ſhe walked here" "Walked! what with that magnificent negligee!" "Yes; for to be ſure her head could never go into any carriage."—"Ay, ſhe thinks herſelf prodigiouſly clever, but the poor woman is liberty-mad."—"That's a ſweet pretty ſilk."—"No, I can never believe that."—"A mighty plain

child."—"Really, Colonel, you are extremely ſaucy to-night."—"Now, don't you think he ſerved her right?"—"Well, you tell me news; poor Cymon taken in at laſt, hah! who would have thought it!"—"The girl would be well enough, if ſhe would let herſelf alone."—"No, faith, Sir Harry, I can't be of your mind." "Say no more Tom to-night."—"There never was a man more completely ſilenced, my Lord, your Lordſhip ſtruck him all of a heap."—"'Tis moſt monſtrous hot to-night, I am almoſt ready to ſound away."—"Did you ever ſee ſuch a fright?"—"I tell you, Madam, ſhe paints, what do you think I have no eyes? I tell you ſhe paints."—"Well, I am ſure I would not make myſelf ſo ridiculous for the world."—"Ay, I thought all her airs would come to nothing."—"Come, daughters, let us go to the muſic, for I loves to hear a good ſong."—"La! Madam, how you talk, nobody in the leaſt genteel, pays any attention to

the performers." "A fig for their gentility, child, I loves a ſong, and will hear it as plain as I can."—"O! horrid, ſhe ſqueaks like a cat to-night."—"I could box that girl's ears, for making ſuch a fool of herſelf."—"Now, to be ſure, there never was any thing more high." "Did you ever ſee ſuch an affected little toad?"—"The old ſoldier ſeems quite happy to-night; ſee how he totters about, and goggles at every girl he meets."—"My Lord, he has offered to give him nine, but he won't play with him." "If ſhe lives with him again after ſuch treatment, ſhe will be a d---d fool."

Out of a thouſand incoherent, disjointed ſentences, Bell and her companions by chance remembered the above-mentioned, and amuſed Mrs. Drayton when they got home, with the repetition of them.

CHAP. IX.

A converſation between the captain and his couſin, occaſioned by the above evening at Ranelagh.

WHEN the Captain had delivered the Miſs Draytons ſafe to their mother, he took leave of them all with great politeneſs, but wiſhed Bell a good night in ſo particular a manner, that if ſhe had not been pre-engaged, it would have filled her little head with a great many flattering ideas.--Mrs. Drayton and Clara both took notice of the Captain's particularity, but as Bell was ſituated with her Colonel, it made no impreſſion on them. They only laughingly told her, that they believed ſhe had made another conqueſt in the army. Bell ſmiled languidly, in return, and looked rather grave: not that ſhe found her attachment

to

to the Colonel weakened by the civilities which ſhe had received, during the courſe of the evening from her new admirer, but the uncertainty of her ſituation made her thoughtful.

When the captain returned to his couſin in the coach, and they were driven from the door, he took hold of her hand, and preſſing it, ſaid, "My dear cuz, if you don't ſtand my friend, I ſhall be in a very queer way, for you are the only perſon in the world who can be ſerviceable to me, by the exertion of your good offices."

The widow, not being able to comprehend the drift of the Captain's ſpeech, though ſhe was a woman not at all deficient in natural ſagacity, ſtared at him, as if ſhe wondered what he meant, and told him ſo.

"Why

"Why cuz, ſaid he, I did not think I ſhould find you ſo ſlow of apprehenſion. Did not you diſcover ſomething particular in my behaviour to Miſs Bell Drayton this evening?"

"You was remarkably chatty and debonair with her, replied the widow, but you young ſoldiers are ſo extremely gallant by profeſſion, that I looked upon your *douceurs* to be merely *extempore*, and that you never beſtowed a thought on the girls you flirted with after they were out of your ſight.—A man of gallantry is always maſter of a *routine* of compliments, which he repeats as mechanically as a teachable parrot does the words it hears, without troubling his head about the meaning of them."

"I have heard you, couſin, ſaid the Captain, with a great deal of patience, becauſe you have a way which always fixes my

my attention to what you utter; but no other woman in the world could I have liſtened to ſo long without interrupting her. Your remarks on men of gallantry are very lively, and, in general, not unjuſt; but though you conſider me only as a flirter among your ſex, I do aſſure you that my *douceurs*, as you call them, to Miſs Bell Drayton, flowed not merely mechanically from the lips. I have, to be ſure, many, many times parroted away an evening, in gay chat with gay girls, but the converſation which paſſed this evening I have not yet forgot. I perfectly remember all the civil things I ſaid to Miſs Bell, and am ready to repeat them to her; for to tell you the plain truth, without diſguiſing my ſentiments, her perſon and behaviour, her agreeable looks, and lively manner of conveying her thoughts, have made ſuch an impreſſion upon me—Nay, don't laugh, for 'pon honour I am ſerious---that unleſs you will aſſiſt me in this affair, I ſhall be in an

aukward

awkward condition—your intimacy with the Drayton-family, gives you a fine opportunity to be uſeful to me, by ſpeaking to Miſs Bell in my behalf, and informing her how much I ſigh for the poſſeſſion of her heart.---You look as if you thought me ſtrangely ſtruck with a new object; if I had only ſeen her, you would indeed have reaſon to wonder at this declaration of love, this abrupt avowal of my paſſion; but if you remember the ſhare ſhe had in the late converſation, you will, I dare believe, not be ſo very much ſurpriſed at my being ſo charmed with it, and at my expreſſing myſelf in ſuch ſtrong terms.—You and I, are not upon a footing to make any concealment of our ſentiments neceſſary, and therefore I freely tell you again, that I am thoroughly in love, and---

" Hold, hold, ſweet Captain, and do not be quite ſo warm in the declaration of your paſſion for Miſs Bell Drayton;---I do

do not wonder in the leaſt, that you are charmed with her, but as ſhe is not at preſent in a ſituation to return your love, it will be more prudent in you to conquer your inclination for her, and carry your addreſſes to another quarter."

"How coolly you talk upon a ſubject, which throws me into a flame!---But pray, my good couſin, what is there ſo myſterious in Miſs Bell's ſituation, that you mention it in ſo guarded a manner, and how is ſhe ſo circumſtanced as to make it prudent in me to conquer my inclination for her? —A little more clearneſs in your expreſſions, will be infinitely agreeable to me."

"That you may no longer then charge me with any want of clearneſs, I muſt inform you, that the Lady, on whom you have fixed your affections is engaged to another, a military man, who being called upon juſt at this juncture to ſerve his majeſty abroad, is prevented from ſitting

ſitting down domeſtically as he wiſhes to do, and therefore, the marriage-ceremony is deferred till his preſence is not wanted out of the kingdom."

"You freeze me with your intelligence; but who is this happy lover? Is Miſs Drayton really in love with him, or does ſhe only marry him with prudential views?---If he is not the object of her choice, I may have hopes."

"And ſo you think that a woman has no occaſion to pay any regard to honour? —When I tell you, however, that her engagements are with Colonel Freeman, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the late American war, and whoſe character is in every ſhape unexceptionable, you may perhaps alter your opinion.—If a Lady had gone ſo far with you, as to promiſe a faithful attachment to you, during a compulſive abſence, and to admit the addreſſes of no man whatever, would not you at your return,

return, have a very ſlight opinion of her, if you found her encouraging a rival?—Come, Captain, make the caſe your own,—we never ſee things in a right light, till we do ſo."

"Why certainly, couſin, I ſhould be very apt to accuſe the Lady of inconſtancy, not to ſay infidelity.—But are matters really gone ſo far between the Colonel and Miſs Drayton, that ſhe cannot make an honourable retreat?".

"They are in ſuch a ſituation, that any attempts of yours to make addreſſes to Miſs Bell, will be both impertinent and ineffectual.—She is actually in love with the Colonel, and he is quite a character to be loved, for never was there a man of a more amiable diſpoſition.—Had he not been ordered to make preparations for his voyage to Portugal, their marriage would have been over by this time.—But as they both chuſe to defer that cere-

ceremony, till they can enjoy each other's company, without any military interruptions, they have agreed to wait for more peaceable times.—Let me adviſe you, therefore, to give up all thoughts of your new miſtreſs, and not to endeavour, by any abſurd gallantries, to give the leaſt uneaſineſs to a very deſerving couple, who ſeem to be made for each other's felicity."

Mrs. Allen, utterred the latter part of her ſpeech, in a very ſerious manner, in order to put a final ſtop to her couſin's proceedings, and to prevent him from flattering himſelf with falſe hopes.---But her ſerioufneſs, though it damped him a little, did not totally diſconcert his intentions, nor deſtroy his hopes.—The oppoſition he met with to his deſigns, rather inflamed his deſires, and his paſſion made a violent reſiſtance to the effort which Mrs. Allen made to ſubdue it---Inſtead of ſhewing a diſpoſition to take her advice,

and

and to give up the object of his wiſhes, he run into a rapturous deſcription of the beauties which he had diſcovered in the perſon, mind, and manners of his Dulcinea, and cloſed it, with aſſuring his couſin in the moſt forcible terms, that Miſs Drayton, was abſolutely neceſſary to his exiſtence, and that he ſhould be one of the moſt miſerable beings, crawling upon the face of the earth, if ſhe did not contrive an opportunity for him to open his heart to her.

Mrs. Allen heard all his raptures, his tranſports, and his declarations, with no ſmall concern, becauſe ſhe had a ſincere a regard for him, and would gladly have undertaken the buſineſs which engroſſed all his attention, if ſhe could have undertaken it with any propriety. But her friendſhip for the Drayton-family in general, and her eſteem for Bell in particular, would not permit her to take any meaſures, which might alter the happy train

of

of their domeſtic affairs.—Herein ſhe acted the commendable part, and her behaviour was the more meritorious, as ſhe had ſenſations of a particular kind to contend with, which made her boſom no proper place for the neſt of an Halcyon.

CHAP. X.

Containing ſomething relating to Clara's affairs—and other matters.

BUrnaby was now ſo well recovered from his wound, that he was permitted by his ſurgeon, to go where he would, and to do as he uſed.—His firſt viſit was to C——, to his Clara; and letting aſide the pleaſure which he received in his little airing as a lover, the ride itſelf, after a confinement which he found extremely irkſome, becauſe nobody was ever of a more low-motive diſpoſition, was particularly delightful.—

The

The day was remarkably fine; ſun-ſhiny and ſhowy; it was an autumnal one, but, notwithſtanding the falling of the leaves, which are apt to raiſe gloomy reflections in the mind, the ſoftneſs of the air, and the chearfulneſs ſpread over all the beauties of the creation, animated our travelling lover to ſuch a degree, that he enjoyed his excurſions extremely, and tho' he lived in a very open part of the town, found a moſt agreeable alteration in the atmoſphere, when he was only a few miles from his habitation.—Having been for ſome weeks cloſely confined to his apartments, he was more ſenſible of the change in it, and felt it, therefore, with far higher ſatisfaction, than if he had never been deprived of the liberty of ranging about the country, which was ever his favourite amuſement.

After he had chatted a little with Mrs. Drayton, and received the compliments of the whole family on his being quite recovered

recovered and in ſuch good ſpirits, he aſked Clara, if ſhe would take an airing with him before dinner.—Clara made no objection to the airing-ſcheme, but deſired, that as the chariot was roomy, her ſiſter might be of the party.—She would have liked a ride with him alone better, than with the addition of a third perſon, but ſhe did not think, that her appearance with him in ſo particular a manner, would look well in the eye of the world, though in her own private opinion, ſhe ſaw no great impropriety in it, as ſhe was ſo near, in all human probability, being in a ſituation to render the tattle of the world of very little conſequence to her.—Burnaby laughed at her, for her extreme delicacy, and wonderful ſhyneſs, but after he had thrown out a few ſtrokes of raillery, in his uſual ſtrain, he ſaid,—"Well well, Clara, I believe you are right; the world is very fooliſh to be ſure, but as we ſhall ſoon be allowed by it, to ride in what manner we pleaſe, it is no great

great matter, and ſo let us all three ſet off together without delay, for it is a thouſand pities to loſe ſo pleaſant a morning." Clara and Bell, were ſoon hatted, and properly equipped for the morning-expedition, and merrily went they away with Burnaby, in whoſe lap, Clara, not without ſome remonſtrances againſt her ſituation, ſat.

While they were ſociably chatting together, on a variety of ſubjects, and amuſing themſelves with the beautiful landſkips around them, which, from the brightneſs of the ſky, appeared to the greateſt advantage, a very ſmart poſt-choach, highly varniſhed, and richly ornamented, with four ſpirited, and elegant greys, and a couple of poſtilions with ſplended jackets, rolled by them.

"Oh, ſiſter, ſaid Bell, thoſe are the ſtrange people we ſaw at Ranelagh, the Youngs."

"Ay, ſaid Clara you are right; what a ſuperb equipage the old Dragon has got."

On mentioning the word Dragon, Burnaby was curious to know, why that appellation was made uſe of, and Clara diverted him exceedingly, by repeating what Captain Furie had communicated about the Young's Family.

"Do you not think, Sir, ſaid Bell, that they are mighty queer people?"

"The old folks, undoubtedly. But I feel ſome compaſſion for their daughter, who muſt lead a moſt diſagreeable life with them."

"That ſhe does, I aſſure you, ſaid Clara; I have ſince heard, that ſhe is forced to live upon vegetables, for fear that her ſhape ſhould be ſpoiled, and that

that ſhe muſt not taſte a drop of wine, leſt her complexion ſhould be raiſed; ſo that with her regimen at home, and her reſtrictions abroad, the poor girl paſſes her time, I believe, uncomfortably enough."

"I wiſh her well married, ſaid Burnaby, with all my heart, but not to the perſon talked of for her, becauſe I think, ſhe would, in another way, lead a life not the moſt comfortable to be imagined."

"O pray, Sir, tell us, ſaid Bell, who is talked of for her."

"O to be ſure, replied he—your curioſity is vaſtly excited.—Why then, my dear future ſiſter, I muſt tell you, that if my intelligence is authentic, you will be probably, related to her."

"How can that poſſibly be?"

"Very eaſily, if ſhe is Lady Freeman."

"Lady Freman! both Clara and Bell exclaimed."

"Ay, I thought you would both be ſurprized, to hear of an alliance between the Freemans and the youngs; but ſuch an alliance is certainly talked of."

"Well, I can never believe it, ſaid Bell—Sir Joſeph, by all accounts, is not at all of a marrying turn—He loves his own way too well, to have the œconomy of his houſe diſturbed by the introduction of a woman into it. And if he marries Miſs Young, he will be horribly plagued with the old folks into the bargain.—Beſides, Sir Joſeph's age and infirmities, render him, one would think, no deſirable object to the Youngs, for their daughter".

Much

"Much ſtranger matches are made every day, ſaid Burnaby.—Sir Joſeph has a good eſtate, and a title.—Young, you ſee, by the magnificence of his carriage, loves to make a blaze abroad, however niggardly he may appear in the management of his finances at home.—This marriage may never perhaps take place; but I ſhall not be aſtoniſhed to ſee Sir Joſeph figure in the character of a married man.—He is, I am told, quite charmed with Miſs Young, and of this you may be aſſured, that whenever a marriage is propoſed for her, her inclination will not be conſulted."

End of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. DRAYTON AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

The widow bewildered.

IT was hinted in the ninth chapter of the laſt book, that Mrs. Allen had ſenſations of a particular kind to contend with, while ſhe oppoſed the deſires of her couſin, and urged the moſt powerful arguments ſhe could

think of, in order to talk him from his purpoſe.—The truth is, Mrs. Allen, tho' a widow, was young, and had a ſmall ſort of a *tendreſſe* for the Captain who was not too nearly related to her, to be more nearly ſo.—She had been very early in life, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe was marriageable, forced into the arms of a rich old fellow, old enough to be her father (by the capriciouſneſs of an obſtinate parent) whom ſhe, to her great joy, buried before they had finiſhed their ſecond matrimonial year.—Her couſin and ſhe had been brought up together, and ſhe had always a predilection for him; they were pretty much of the ſame age, and lived together, till they were ſeparated (the one to ſerve his majeſty as a ſoldier, and the other to be a ſlave to a tyrant huſband) upon the moſt friendly footing. —At the death of her deſpotic lord and maſter, Mrs. Allen naturally turned her thoughts towards her couſin Furie, whom ſhe wiſhed very much to ſupply the place

which

which death had vacated, but as he was quite in the Ranger-ſtyle of young fellows, and of a roving temper, fluttering and unſettled, ſhe had hitherto thrown out all her nets to entangle him in vain; whenever ſhe dropped the ſlighteſt hints in the frequent converſations they had together, of laſting attachments, and domeſtic connections, with a Protean dexterity, he ſhifted the ſubject immediately, and ſtruck into general topics, ſo that ſhe could never fix him to the point ſhe aimed at.—*Toujours gai*, lively and diſſipated, he was never at a loſs for chat in her company, but it was all of the briſk, bottle-beer kind, full of ſound and hurry, ſignifying nothing.—Not that he was a young man void of underſtanding neither, like King Solomon's ſimpleton.—The Captain had very good natural parts, and made pertinent obſervations on the world, and on every ſubject within his reach; but as he was initiated into the army, before the leſſons which he had learnt at

ſchool, had made any impreſſion on him, the idleneſs of a military life, co-operating with his natural diſinclination to letters, made him readily fall in with the manners of thoſe with whom he was aſſociated, and enter into all the ſpirit of his troop.

Image to yourſelf, after what I have ſaid, a ſtrong-back'd, well-made, clean-limbed young fellow, five feet eight, with a regular ſet of features, a manly complexion, and a pair of bright, black eyes, and you have the finiſhed portrait of Captain Furie; by whoſe perſonal charms, the widow was not the only woman attracted.—But it is time to return to her.

The particular behaviour of Captain Furie to Bell, on the Ranelagh-evening, affected the widow a good deal, tho' ſhe was too wiſe, and had too much pride to let him ſee, that ſhe was hurt by it.

it.—The converſation which followed in the carriage afterwards, was far from being pleaſing to her; though ſhe concealed her feelings.—His parting from her full of encomiums on her young friend, and his earneſtly intreating her to become his advocate, engaged her attention ſo much for the remainder of the night, that ſhe enjoyed very little reſt.—Whenever ſhe dropped, over-wearied with thinking, into a ſlumber, ſhe remained not long in it, but ſtarted from diſagreeable dreams, to more diſagreeable realities.

Her couſin, moſt probably, had alſo but an unquiet night, for while ſhe was ſolitarily muſing over her muffin in the morning, he preſented himſelf before her, and waked her from her reverie, by telling her, that Miſs Drayton had haunted him all night in his dreams, and that he found himſelf leſs and leſs able every minute, to follow the advice which ſhe had given him the preceding evening.

"Bleſs me, Captain, ſaid ſhe, you are monſtrous early here this morning."

"Early, Cuz? ay, ſo I am, and I ſhould have been here before, but I was afraid of coming too ſoon—I have had no reſt all night for thinking of your friend Bell, and as you gave me but poor encouragement, when we parted, I make you this very early viſit to deſire you not to put on a grave face, and muſter up a pack of ſtupid objections, but to undertake, out of hand, the little commiſſion I have charged you with.—You are in a muzz, my dear Mrs. Allen, and look as if you did not comprehend a ſingle ſyllable of what I have been ſaying to you."

"Why really, Captain, I have had but an indifferent night, and am not at all in ſpirits; and your importunities with regard to Miſs Drayton, do not contribute to raiſe them.—You do not know how

ex-

extremely you embarraſs me, by requeſting my aſſiſtance in facilitating your deſigns upon that Lady, to whom, indeed, it would be prepoſterous in me, to introduce you in the light you want to appear to her.—Come, ſit down and take your tea quietly, and do not ſtride up and down the room as if you was a tragedy-hero, troubled in mind.—You men are ſtrange creatures, you are always at croſs purpoſes—purſuing thoſe who care not a pin for you, and flying from the very people, who are taking pains to make themſelves agreeable to you."

"There is no accounting for inclination, my dear widow—and I fancy, with regard to croſs purpoſes, the two ſexes are pretty much alike.—Capriciouſneſs in love is not confined to ours—I know a great many women at this time, whoſe whimſical management of their amours—but it ſignifies nothing to waſte time in reflections, will you, in a friendly way, for-

forward my deſigns by negotiation, or reduce me, by a refuſal, to attack the Lady myſelf, abruptly, without any previous preparatives for the diſcloſure of my ſentiments?—I cannot bear a ſtate of ſuſpence, therefore, pray be quick in your reſolves, and as rapid in the execution of them."

The Captain uttered the latter part of his ſpeech, with ſo much eagerneſs in his looks, with ſuch violent geſtures, and with ſuch vehemence of voice, that his couſin did not know how to frame an anſwer ſo as at once to appeaſe his impetuoſity, and to divert his thoughts from the ſubject which engroſſed them.—However, imagining that a ſerious attempt to thwart him, would produce conſequences which ſhe had no deſire to occaſion, ſhe had recourſe to raillery, and endeavoured to laugh him out of a paſſion, which was, ſhe found, not to be reaſoned with.

"To

"To be ſure, couſin, ſaid ſhe, there was never ſo ſtrange a mortal exiſting as yourſelf."—At the delivery of theſe words, ſhe ſtared him full in the face, and burſt into a ſhout, which rooted him like a ſtatue to the floor, and threw his whole figure into an embarraſſed poſition, tho' he was a man not in the leaſt apt to be diſconcerted.

"Couſin, replied he, with a compoſure in his countenance, which was not half ſo becoming as its uſual caſt, you treat me in a very odd manner to day—I am at a loſs to find out your meaning—I—"

Here another ſhout, louder and longer than the firſt, interrupted him, and very much increaſed his perplexity.—"Poo, prithee, Mrs. Allen, ſaid he, do not be ridiculous—for G—d's ſake behave ſomewhat

what like a reaſonable creature—this trifling is inſupportable."

"Poor Captain, how I pity you!—but if you will have to do with women, you muſt put up with a little trifling—we cannot live without it—trifling is—"

"Pſhaw, there is abſolutely no talking to you any longer, and ſo, farewel—you are determined, I ſee, to vex me."

"Stay, ſtay, my good couſin, ſaid ſhe, catching him by his coat, I cannot part with you yet.—I have a monſtrous deal to ſay to you, if you will have patience and hear me.—Something of conſequence too."

The Captain, in hopes of bringing her to his purpoſe at length, by yielding to her ſolicitations, returned to his chair, and with attentive ears, intreated her to be ſpeedy in her communications.

"Well,

"Well then, you muſt promiſe me that you will not fly out into any of your vagaries, but attend cloſely to what I am going to ſay."

"Ay, ay, ay,—I promiſe any thing you deſire—only make haſte."

"Why then, in the firſt place, there is a certain Lady with whom I am intimately acquainted, who is at this very moment ſighing for that fickle heart of your's, and would be very glad to ſecure it in her own poſſeſſion."

"The Lady does me a great deal of honour, and if ſhe is a fine woman, I am ſorry I am engaged."

"She is not reckoned diſagreeable in her perſon, though not ſo ſtriking a figure as Bell Drayton; and I will venture to ſay, from what I know of her diſpoſition, that

that ſhe will be a more ſuitable companion for you than my young neighbour, with whom you are ſo violently taken. You have ſpent many hours with her, and have more than once owned that her converſation is lively and entertaining."

The widow, finding that ſhe had alarmed her couſin's curioſity, by the obſcurity with which ſhe recommended herſelf to his attention, and at the ſame time flattered his vanity, by acquainting him of his conſequence in a lady's eyes, redoubled her dark hints and myſtical alluſions, and made him quite mad to have all thoſe hints and alluſions fully explained.—He worried her to tell him the lady's name who honoured him ſo far as to entertain a paſſion for him; but ſhe proceeded oracularly, and divulged only juſt enough to draw his thoughts off from a girl, whom ſhe now conſidered as a rival.—No man was ever more completely puzzled.—He at laſt

laſt ſtarted up, and cried, " I will this moment go and aſk Miſs Bell whether ſhe is abſolutely engaged, and if I find that ſhe cannot make a decent retreat, ſee what I can do with this *incognita*, whom you think will be ſo ſuitable to me."

Mrs. Allen, though ſhe had not diſcovered in Bell any turn towards coquetting, imagining, from her own ſenſations, that a ſmart fellow might like her couſin, who had a great deal of addreſs when he choſe to exert himſelf, might weaken her attachment to the Colonel, and ſtagger her conſtancy, was afraid to let him wait on her; and in order to make him eaſy, promiſed to viſit her as ſoon as he was gone, and to inform him of the reſult of the interview. " If after all that has paſſed, ſaid ſhe, you will truſt your cauſe in my hands, I will chearfully undertake it; but if I meet with no ſucceſs, I hope you will not queſtion my aſſiduity in your behalf."

" Now

"Now you are my good couſin: I leave you to your buſineſs.—Succeſs attend you—but I won't blame you, if my ſtars are croſs."

Away he went, fluſhed with hopes, and full of vain conceits, like all young men whoſe paſſions run away with them, and who are eaſily led to believe, that thoſe who make fair promiſes, will fairly perform them. Youth is not commonly addicted to ſuſpicion; it is chiefly harboured in the more advanced ſtages of life.—To youthful eyes the world has at firſt an alluring aſpect, but on being frequently and cloſely ſurveyed much of its allurement is abated.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A converſation between Mrs. Allen and Miſs Bell Drayton, from which the former receives a great deal of ſatisfaction.

MRS. Allen, as ſoon as her couſin departed, put on her hat and cloak, and proceeded to Mrs. Drayton's, in order to have a little private chat with Bell, concerning the Captain, whom ſhe repreſented as a lover of her's, and aſked her what ſhe thought of him. Bell approved highly of her choice, and wiſhed very much that they might come together.—"He is a genteel, agreeable man, and looks as if he was good-natured.—He was exceeding good company at Ranelagh, and I ſhall be glad to ſee you both happily united." "He was extremely pleaſed, I can tell you, ſaid the widow, with your

your converſation laſt night, and I don't know whether I ſhan't be jealous, for he has ſaid a great many handſome things about you"—" I am much obliged to your couſin, replied ſhe, for ſpeaking of me in ſuch favourable terms, but you have, I aſſure you, not the leaſt reaſon to be jealous; for, agreeable as I think him, I like my own Colonel a great deal better, and ſo pray don't take it into your head that I ſhall be any obſtacle to the completion of your wiſhes."

" My dear Bell, ſaid Mrs. Allen, you don't know how exceſſively you pleaſe me by this frank declaration: I, in my turn, will be as free, and tell you that the Captain is not my lover yet; but I believe, added ſhe, with a wiſhful look, that it is in your power to make him ſo."

" Hey day! cried Bell, this is comical indeed. I can't conceive the drift of your diſcourſe now.—Did not you repreſent the

the Captain to me as if he was entirely at your devotion?"

"I did ſo, to be ſure, but it was only to ſound your ſentiments about him; and I am happy in finding that you are not, what I was ſomething afraid you would be, my rival."

"More and more myſterious.—Indeed, Madam, you pay me too great a compliment, in ſuppoſing me quick enough to apprehend your meaning: If the Captain is not really your lover, you have thrown me upon a wrong ſcent, and I ſhall be obliged to you for putting me upon a right one."

"Myſtery apart then, my dear, and to deal ingenuouſly with you, as you deſerve to be dealt with. Captain Furie, my ſmart couſin, is not my lover, but yours: that is, in plain Engliſh, he is over head and ears in love with you, and employs me

me only as a convenient perſon to manage his amour for him, and to exhibit him to you in the moſt captivating colours. Little does he imagine what an impreſſion he has made on my heart: did he know the real ſituation of it, he certainly would have pitched upon another agent for the conduct of his love-affairs.—But he is young, and though a general admirer of the ſex, is very ſuperficially acquainted with their interior movements. When he firſt propoſed to make me his meſſenger to you, and preſſed me to inform you what a fire you had kindled in his breaſt (he is a man who always expreſſes his feelings ſtrongly) I urged all the arguments which occurred to my memory, to convince him of the impropriety of his requeſt, as you was already honourably engaged, and could not, without acting a diſhonourable part, admit the addreſſes of another man."

"You

"You oppoſed his intentions in a moſt laudable manner—I would ſooner die, than deſert the man with whom I was under honourable engagements, except he firſt broke them—Then indeed, I ſhould conſider myſelf under no reſtrictions."

"You make me extremely ſatisfied with your behaviour, my dear, and now I have nothing to deſire but your aſſiſtance in forwarding my deſigns upon this new admirer of your's, who will, I doubt, not be convinced that he is rejected by you, unleſs he receives the ſentence of diſmiſſion from your own lips."

"O my dear Mrs. Allen, ſaid Bell, how can you think of requeſting me to receive the viſits of a man whom I cannot now look upon as a common acquaintance?—After what you have communicated concerning him, I can with no propriety truſt myſelf in his company, in the

manner you ſeem to think he wants to be received by me.—As your couſin, and in your company, I ſhall be always glad to ſee him, but I beg you would not give him any room to ſuppoſe that I will ever conſent to a private converſation with him."

"I admire the nobleneſs of your ſentiments, my dear Bell, and am charmed with the delicate propriety of your behaviour; and yet, as much as I truly applaud your declining to give the Captain an opportunity to be his own advocate, and to hear his doom from your own mouth, I cannot help wiſhing that you would, at leaſt, agree to meet him at my houſe, and to make him thoroughly ſenſible that I am not the cauſe of his diſappointment.—People, eſpecially people of his warm complexion in love, are apt to entertain odd fancies, and I know my couſin well enough, to be aſſured that he will, from the violence of his paſſion for you,

you, think I have not pleaded for him as powerfully as I might have done.—An interview with him, at my houſe, and in my preſence, can be attended with no conſequences to ſhock your delicacy, and it will give me a ſincere ſatisfaction."

Bell, upon mature conſideration, not apprehending any indiſcretion in complying with Mrs. Allen's requeſt, promiſed to be with her when matters were prepared for the intended interview, and ſent her home very well pleaſed with her morning viſit.

CHAP. III.

A ſketch of the inſide of a faſhionable tavern.

FURIE was at the Star and Garter, when a note was brought to him by one of the waiters.—Seeing his couſin's hand, he unfolded it with the utmoſt precipitation, and read it with rapture, not doubting, from his being appointed to meet his flame, but that the widow had managed matters quite in the way he wiſhed. The peruſal of this note gave a new flow to his ſpirits, already raiſed to a frolickſome pitch, by the frequent circulation of champagne bumpers, and he immediately toaſted Bell Drayton in a half pint.—He and his joyous companions had all drank till they ſtared, before this new toaſt was ſtarted, which went round the table without any oppoſition, till it came

to

to the turn of Major Mallet to load his glaſs.—The Major was a man fiery in his temper, and ferocious in his aſpect: he had diſcovered ſeveral times, during the ſervice of the night, ſtrong ſymptoms of iraſcibility; and when the flaſk was within his graſp, turned to Furie, with a fierce countenance, and in a tremendous tone, aſked him what pretenſions he had to the lady whom he had toaſted.—Before I proceed to relate the dialogue which enſued between them, it will not be unneceſſary to acquaint the readers of this chapter, that the above-mentioned igniferous ſon of Mars was an intimate friend of Colonel Freeman's, and had the higheſt regard for him.—And as he knew that the Colonel and Bell were honourably engaged to each other, the familiarity with which Furie talked of her and toaſted her, rouzed his choler.

"Pretenſions! Sir, ſaid Furie, the beſt in the world; I have the honour to

be extremely well with her, and am appointed to meet at a very convenient relation's of mine—that's all, my dear."

As the Captain delivered his reply in accents rather contemptuous than reſpectful, and as the Major had given no ſmall offence by his behaviour before this new provocation, it was received with noiſy approbation by the greateſt part of the jolly ſouls, which had ſuch an effect upon his muſcles, that he made a dreadful appearance. Starting up from his chair, and giving the table a violent thump with his clenched fiſt, he again directed his ire-ful eyes towards the object of his reſentment, and cried out, with a thundering voice, "'Sdeath, Sir, I do not underſtand this treatment.—The man who wrongs my friend, to the earth's utmoſt verge would I purſue him; and Sir, continued he, with another thump upon the table, I ſhall be glad to know what you mean, by taking ſuch liberties with

a Lady

a Lady, to whom he is honourably engaged.—I ſay, Sir, I ſhall be glad to know the meaning of your behaviour, for by all the hags in hell, the devil take me if I can tell what you would be at.—Blood and batttle Sir, do you laugh at me?"—Before the major had got to the laſt ſentence of his choleric ſpeech, the liquor he had been liberally pouring down his gun-powder throat, began to operate in ſuch a manner, as to render him at once horrible and harmleſs, for with all the noiſe he made, there was not the leaſt reaſon to expect any bad conſequences from his vociferation.—Had he been ſober, what he ſaid, would have been ſeriouſly anſwered by young Furie, who was not of a timid diſpoſition, but very ready to behave with ſpirit when provoked: But in the Major's inebriated condition, he would have ſhewn more want of ſenſe than ſpirit, if he had treated him like a rational creature, and called upon him to prove the propriety of his op-

poſition to the toaſt, which was propoſed to him, or of the language which it excited.—Laughter, therefore, the Captain thought was the beſt weapon he could uſe, to correct the Major's petulance, though it was extremely provoking, and the reſt of the company being of the ſame opinion, his ungentle deportment, and terrible grimaces, only ſet the table in a roar, till he was abſolutely deprived of the power of articulation, and fell upon the floor, oppreſſed with wrath and wine, as flat and as mute as a flounder.—A general ſhout (not much unlike the American warhoop, for the ſitting members began to grow very riotous) proclaimed their triumph at the Major's fall, and a round of bumpers completed it.—After which, they gradually, by repeating their bumpers, drank themſelves into the ſame predicament, and ſunk one after another from their ſeats into the regions of oblivion. Not one of them ſurvived to exult over his fellow-flaſkers, and to boaſt

of

of his intellectual ſuperiority.—They were all alike ſprawling on the ground, when the maſter of the houſe, ſurpriſed at the ceſſation of ſound in the room, opened the door to know the cauſe of it. It was a curious ſight to his eyes, but it was not a new one.—By the aſſiſtance of his ſervants, he packed them into coaches and chairs, and ſent them to their reſpective homes.—And thus ended the pleaſures of an evening, dedicated to Bacchus.

CHAP. IV.

Two country-gentlemen contraſted.

NO two men were ever more oppoſite in their diſpoſitions, than Sir Joſeph Freeman, and Mr. Young.—They were both characters, ſtrongly marked, but in a very different ſtyle.—The Knight was a jolly, generous ſoul, who loved good living, and thought a table plentifully ſtored, with the good things in ſeaſon, abſolutely neceſſary for the enjoyment of his exiſtence.——In few words, eating and drinking were the capital amuſements of his life.—Of a contrary caſt was his neighbour, the ſquire, whoſe eſtates joined, but whoſe tempers were as unſimilar as light and darkneſs, froſt and fire, virtue and vice.—Mr. Young was extremely penurious, very narrow in his notions, and niggardly in the

the management of his houſe-expences.—So ſcanty indeed were his allowances for the articles of ſubſiſtence, that he almoſt ſtarved his family, in order to make the world ſtare at them whenever they went abroad, for with outward ſhew he was ridiculouſly intoxicated—Superb carriages, beautiful horſes, and ſplendid liveries, were his ſupreme joys, and in order to keep up a ſpirited figure in public, he appeared in private with the utmoſt meanneſs, and moſt ſordid parſimony.—To have ſeen the Youngs abroad, you would have thought them people who lived with magnificence, but to have ſeen them at home, you would have imagined they had ſcarcely money enough to purchaſe the neceſſaries of life; ſo inconſiſtent, ſo abſurd, ſo contradictory was the Squire, in the application of the gifts which fortune had freely beſtowed upon him.

Sir

Sir Joſeph had no notion of his neighbour's taſte.—He abhorred all pomp, parade and oſtentation, all tinſel appearance, and the glitter of life had no charms for him—his pleaſures were chiefly of the convivial kind, which he enjoyed with a princely liberality.—To have his friends around him, was his ſupreme delight, and to puſh the bottle about, gave him the higheſt ſatisfaction.—He paid, indeed, pretty dear for the ſociability of his diſpoſition, and ſmarted for his corporeal indulgences; but he never deſiſted from his favourite purſuits, except he was really laid up, or rather laid down, and unable to lift his hand to his mouth, which was frequently the caſe.

People of ſuch diſſimilar tempers, could not be very ſociable together, though they were ſo nearly lodged to each other, becauſe they could never be congenial companions—Young mortally hated the illi-

beral

beral converſation and rude mirth of thoſe neighbours around him, in whoſe company Sir Joſeph found great delectation; and Sir Joſeph had as cordial an averſion to the few odd folks with whom the Squire aſſociated, who being a man of learning and taſte, met with a very ſmall circle for his intimates.—On a ſudden, however, the Knight and the Squire, to the great marvel of all who knew them, approximated to each other like two magnetic needles, and were never happy aſunder.—What produced this approximation, deſerves to be the ſubject of a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. V.

Which ſhews what it was that occaſioned the ſudden intimacy between Sir Joſeph Freeman and Mr. Young—and the force of love.

SIR Joſeph was not naturally of an amorous complexion; he had little tenderneſs in his diſpoſition, and acquitted himſelf but awkwardly, in a circle of females, among whom, if he ever unexpectedly was engaged, he was always ſo ſmartly rallied by them, for living ſingle, that he found no ſort of inclination to fall in their way.---His title and eſtate, were very tempting to many girls in the neighbourhood, who would readily have put up with his age, his ſingularities and his infirmities, in order to figure with a bloody-hand upon their carriages, and triumph over their undignified acquain-

quaintance.---Great minds, it is true, are ſuperior to ſuch trifling ſatisfactions, but among the girls of this age, great heads are more common than great minds.

Old batchelors are in general obſtinately wedded to their own habits, and are not frequently induced to run the riſk of being thrown out of their free-agency by matrimonial connections.---But the moſt obſtinate batchelors are but meer men, and conſequently not armed againſt the piercing ſhafts of a certain blind tyrant, who makes terrible devaſtation among the hearts of his ſublunary ſubjects.---Nay, I am not ſure, whether the above-mentioned tyrant, does not take particular pleaſure in ſhooting an old batchelor through the liver, becauſe, of all his ſubjects, thoſe are moſt apt to fancy themſelves invulnerable.---Sir Joſeph had long bid defiance to the darts of cupid, and wrapped himſelf up in his celibacy, not imagining that it was in the power of any

woman

woman breathing, to draw him into a ſtate, on which he always looked upon with horror and diſmay. "Give up my liberty to a woman, and plague myſelf with the cares of a family!---No, no, catch me at that ſport if you can.---I know the ſex too well to be ſo taken in.---She muſt be d—d cunning indeed, who coaxes me out of my ſenſes."—In this manner, did he talk to the married men of his acquaintance, whenever they rallied him upon his ſolitary taſte, and preſsed him to follow their examples—He was rock, he was adamant, till the appearance of Miſs Young one day, genteelly mounted, and very elegantly equipped in the equeſtrian ſtyle, attracted his eyes.—He had ſeen her often, but he had never ſeen her on horſe-back before, and as ſhe was extremely well-ſhaped, and ſat firm in her ſeat with a graceful air, ſhe altogether ſtruck the Knight in ſuch a way, that he felt ſtrange ſenſations at the ſight of her, to which he had not been ac-

accuſtomed, and which made him deſire to be better acquainted with her—to uſe his own phraſe upon the occaſion.—From that day his ſenſations grew more and more troubleſome, and as he found that he ſhould have no reſt till he was in poſſeſſion of thoſe beauties which he ſo immoderately admired, he plucked up courage, but not till after he had called himſelf a thouſand curſed, confounded fools, for falling in love in his old, age; and in an odd, awkward, round-a-bout manner delivered the ſecret to Mr. Young, which had for ſome time ſtruggled for a vent.—Mr. Young received it with pleaſure, and Mrs. Young was not leſs delighted with the thoughts of her Harriot's being ſo well married.—The bargain was made, as ſoon as the terms were propoſed, before Miſs Young was informed of the proceedings which ſhe had occaſioned; for her conſiderate parents had too great a regard for her, and were too ſolicitous to promote her happineſs, to imagine that her approbation of

of their deſigns was at all neceſſary.—Sir Joſeph was a Baronet, and had a large eſtate, and therefore, by no means to be refuſed by people to whom honours and riches would be ſufficient recommendations, though coupled with all the vices of which human nature can be guilty.—The Youngs were not ſingular in their opinions, with regard to the diſpoſal of their daughter in marriage.—The majority of fathers and mothers entertain the ſame, and to the ſteady adherence to ſuch opinions, are doubtleſs owing half the complaints which are daily made of conjugal infelicity.—But to the point.

Sir Joſeph went home prodigiouſly happy, after he had diſcharged the ſecret of his breaſt, and drank himſelf into ſuch an Elyſian ſtate, that he waked the next morning without knowing how he had been conveyed to his pillow.—He had ſlept himſelf ſober, but neither wine nor ſleep had ſtopped the circulation of his amorous ideas, which returned, when his eyes

eyes opened upon day-light, and almoſt excluded all others. When a man, haſtening to his grand climacterick, is ſmit with the charms of youth and beauty, and becomes abſolutely enamoured with them, he is perhaps as whimſical—he is alſo as abſurd an animal, as imagination can conceive:—There is but one animal in the creation equally ſo, and that is a venerable virgin, bating the difference of ſexes, in the ſame ſituation. —But to the point again.

The force of love has been deſcribed by ſo many authors of all kinds, peers, poets and philoſophers, that it is hardly poſſible to ſay any thing new upon ſo hackneyed a ſubject.—The paſſion of love, however, as it operates variouſly, in various human beings, very frequently exhibits diverting ſituations, not deſtitute of novelty to recommend them. That people in love, are unlike thoſe who are not in love, will be readily acknowledged, and there needs not the authority of a ghoſt

ghoſt to fortify the aſſertion.—Love never made a more droll alteration in any body than it did in Sir Joſeph.—To ſet his perſon off to the beſt advantage, when the preliminaries were agreed upon, was the firſt employment of his thoughts.—He had naturally a mortal averſion to what is emphatically called in the polite world, dreſs, and always went as plain as a pike-ſtaff.—Love converted him into a beau; yes, the grave, the formal Sir Joſeph, (formal, with regard only to his exterior appearance, with dark cloaths and ſtockings all of a colour, and a full, flowing, flaxen bob) threw away his duſky ſuit, conſulted his taylor for ſeveral hours about the moſt becoming, and lively patterns, and ordered Frizzle, an old barber in the neighbourhood to tickle him up a ſmart bag, not too buſhy, to court with.—Lovers are always in a hurry, and Sir Joſeph ſuffered neither Frizzle nor Snip to enjoy any peace, till they had made him a faſhionable figure.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

BL